Week ending December 25 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

BEGINS INSIDE: Sparkling new novel of romance and adventure in the Caribbean

THE NOONDAY SUN

by BURNHAM CARTER

COLD OUTSIDE—WARM INSIDE

COCOA

comforts and satisfies

I WANT CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE!

EDITORIAL

Peace on earth

THE perennial Christmas wish, "Peace on Earth," has sounded a little false at most of the Christmases since the end of the war. But at this, the tenth since our soldiers and the Russians shook hands over a beaten Germany, the phrase has less mockery in it than before. For the first time, there is no war in progress.

Last July's truce in Indo-China brought to an end the last of the big battles. Christmas Day, except in the trouble spots of Kenya, Malaya and the Chinese coast, should be quiet of shots fired to kill.

The prospect of the third World War is farther away than ever before. The peoples of the world have always passionately desired a century of peace, but the Soviet leaders seemed to pay only voluble lip-service to this ideal —until this year.

IN March, Mr. Malenkov said: "A third world war would mean the destruction of civilization. The Soviet Government stands for a further relaxation of international tension. Any disputed issue, no matter how difficult it may be, can be settled peacefully."

MARSHAL TITO
"The tension has eased"

As an earnest of his intent, Malenkov has since sent us musicians, ballet dancers, artists, orientalists, scientists and television experts.

In return, British traders, politicians, trade unionists and specialists in many other fields have been enthusiastically welcomed in Russia. And in the field of sport there have been many friendly meetings.

The point has still not been reached when all British citizens are welcome in Russia, and all Russians are allowed by the Soviet Government to come here. But this year's straws show that the wind is beginning to blow in that direction.

AT home, this has been a good year—in spite of the weather. Industrial production is up seven per cent and exports up five per cent on 1953. Employment is at a peacetime record, with only 240,000 out of work. In the first six months of the year, 168,000 houses were built.

Other countries, as well, have prospered—and their prosperity has meant less hatred and suspicion between the nations.

If any one man can look at the world and pronounce with authority on the state of peace it is Marshal Tito, sitting on the fence between East and West. Last month he said: "International tension has definitely eased."

So, this Christmas Day, let the toast be "Peaceful coexistence on earth, good will to all men." And let us keep it up next year.

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AND NOW . . .

flatter-glo

by Richard Hudnut

Here it is . . . the liquid make-up of your dreams, that looks like your own skin—at its very loveliest! Flatter-Glo smooths on so quickly, so evenly . . . stays matt for hours . . . always looks fresh. In a choice of 4 subtle skin shades: 6/-

THE NEW FEATHER-LIGHT LIQUID MAKE-UP FOR A 'MORNING FRESH' SKIN . . . ALL DAY LONG

You have always wanted a make-up base like FLATTER-GLO. One that clings and covers . . . so smooth . . . so matt . . . concealing tiny lines and imperfections . . . giving your skin that flawless, *poreless* look. Yet FLATTER-GLO *never* looks hard or mask-like, *never* cakes or streaks, stays always fresh and colour-true.

FLATTER-GLO actually softens the skin and helps to keep it young and supple — thanks to an exclusive ingredient "VIBRANOL", which holds precious, beauty-giving moisture in even the dryest skin. Oily skins, too, are happy with FLATTER-GLO, because it is so light and fine, *cannot clog*, and keeps a cool matt surface hour after hour.

Use enchanting FLATTER-GLO for carefree, lasting loveliness. Choose it in your own delicate complexion shade. Ask for Richard Hudnut's Flatter-Glo at any high-class chemist or store.

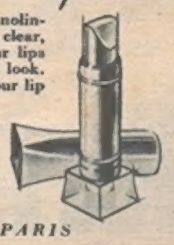
MORE BEAUTY MAGIC BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW RICHARD HUDNUT *bloom*

New, entirely different idea for rouge—one shade only for every skin type and colouring! Bloom changes on the skin to give a glow of fresh, natural colour to any complexion tone! It liquefies on contact for easy and even application—it's like no other rouge! Price 6/9d.

NEW RICHARD HUDNUT *lipstick*

A new longer-lasting lanolin-rich formula that seals clear, fresh colour on to your lips without that dull, dry look. It's shaped to follow your lip contour . . . to give a clean, sharp outline with ease. In elegant case with a crystal-clear base . . . six fashion-cued colours. Price 8/6d.



RICHARD HUDNUT · LONDON · NEW YORK · PARIS

A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

Here's why: Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews gently clears your system of harmful impurities, thus promoting inner cleanliness.

½ lb. tin 1/8 · ¼ lb. tin 2/7 G79 c2 54

CROAKY?

DIRTY WEATHER CALLS FOR **KILKOF**

Kilkof soothes sore throat, relieves irritating passages and eases tightness in throat and chest. Take a spoonful at the first sign of trouble!

GUARD THROAT AND CHEST WITH

KILKOF

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
DEC. 25 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2530 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

£1 dinners boost his profits

AS a restaurant proprietor, I was determined to make my business a success, and I looked for ways of attracting customers.

Redecoration, a well-paid staff and a notice on the menu that tipping was unnecessary, all helped.

A first-class chef and reasonable prices helped still more. But with these improvements, I found that I could only make a fair profit if my restaurant worked at full capacity throughout the week.

A single evening with few customers can wipe out the week's profits in this business. My competitors compensate for it by raising their prices. I had a better idea. In my neighbourhood there are many students and single people living in rooms or small flats.

I made an offer of "season-ticket meals." For a pound, a ticket-holder can have a four-shilling *à la carte* lunch or dinner every day of the week except Sunday.

This is good for the customers (one man is even negotiating a monthly ticket with me)—but still better for me. I have a hard core of "regulars" and my restaurant always looks busy—and a full restaurant attracts new business.—H. B. FIELD, London.

High Jump

"THE Dive of Death," described in your short story of the same title (JOHN BULL, November 13), apparently takes place in Acapulco, Mexico, as well as in Spain.

I have read an account of how a group of young men earn a living by diving from near the top of a 150-foot cliff called La Quebrada, into the incoming tide below. Some do it from a night club on the cliff, carrying torches and dressed in red capes.

Did the author of your story use his imagination, or has he seen the divers in action?—MRS. J. COOPER, Wood Lane, Blofield, Norwich.

Frederick E. Smith, who wrote the story, says that the idea came from real life. He was told about divers of this kind when he was abroad, and the Acapulco cliff might well be the one that was described to him.

Back To School

PETER DIMMOCK is wrong in his *Sports Quiz* (JOHN BULL, November 27), when he says that "the batsmen can collect a run if they have crossed before the catch is completed."

By the laws of cricket, no run can be obtained when a catch is made, although if the batsmen have crossed the non-striker remains at the striker's end.

This is an error which is continually made in school cricket.—J. M. BROWN, Lambeth Road, London.

Peter Dimmock says: "I'm caught, bowled and stumped on an unplayable wicket. I think it's time they changed the laws!"

Price Of Silence

IN a village near Grenoble in France, my wife and I found a liqueur distillery that was run by monks.

Local workmen were being supervised by a bearded Father in a white habit, who told us that he was the only monk of his Order not under a vow of silence, and one of the three men who know the secret recipe for making the liqueur.

By accident, we went into the mixing room—usually kept locked—where the sacks of herbs, gathered on the mountains by the monks, are

The Father makes liqueur

shovelled down a chute in the correct proportions, by Father Laurent, the supervisor.

The herbs go into copper vats where they are distilled with brandy.

Our "accident" earned each of us a large glass of liqueur, "to help us forget any secrets we shouldn't have seen."—A. HOBBS, Bath.

Scrooge

WHY on earth did those responsible have to make Christmas Day a Quarter Day?

To me—and probably to thousands of others—it means that the quarterly

mortgage on the house is due; the rates must be paid.

In addition, I have to subscribe to several local charitable institutions. The tradesmen expect—and receive—Christmas boxes. And my wife expects—and receives—a large increase in her housekeeping allowance.

What do I get out of it all?—R. E. LAING, Portchester, Hants.

Quarter Days were fixed to coincide with the Saints Days and Holy Days which were the traditional dates for settling-up. Quarter Days in England, Wales and N. Ireland are the Feasts of the Nativity, the Annunciation, St. John and St. Michael and All Angels.

Driving Women

AS an automobile underwriter in Canada, I would like to comment on a letter you published recently.

This suggested that, in Canada, women drivers under twenty-five are less prone to accidents than men under twenty-five and pay lower insurance premiums ("Free Speech," October 16).

In cases where two or more people use the car—in a family, for example—a lower premium is charged provided that none of the drivers is a man under twenty-five.

The reason has nothing to do with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE WIFE STEALER

A brilliant short story by OLAF RUHEN

Drop everything!

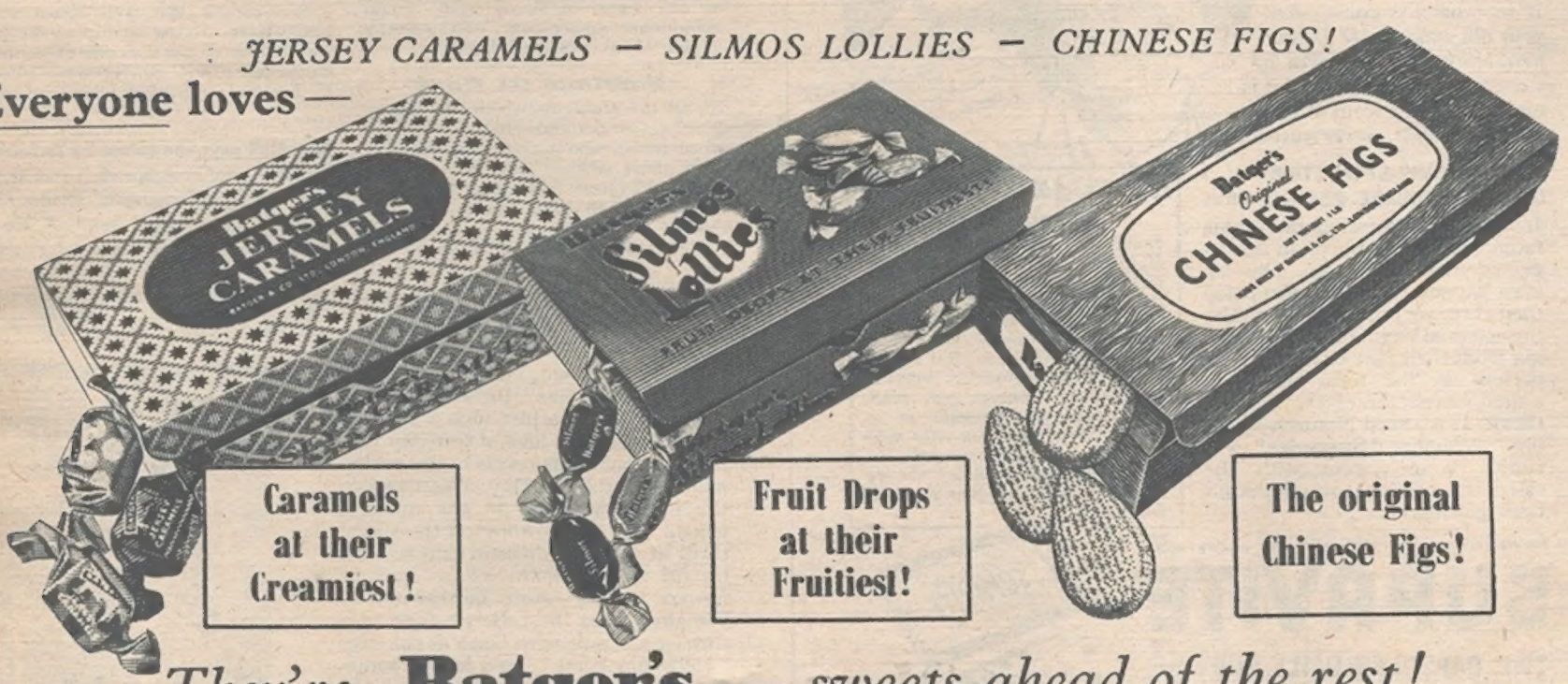
Here comes . . .

Mum . . .

with our . . .

JERSEY CARAMELS — SILMOS LOLLIES — CHINESE FIGS!

Everyone loves —



Caramels at their Creamiest!

Fruit Drops at their Fruitiest!

The original Chinese Figs!

They're **Batger's** *— sweets ahead of the rest!*

The choice
for a lifetime
In the natural process of trial and error you'll find all the good reasons why so many men get a lifetime of pleasure from "Player's Medium."
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT
JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Ask for this new airtight 2 oz. pocket tin
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
[NCT 81]

Is irritability due to fatigue?
. . . or just bad temper?
Have you, too, been getting snappy lately? Do you fly off the handle easily? If so, what has come over your old sunny self? If your irritability is accompanied by a constant feeling of fatigue it is often a sign of a form of starvation you might never suspect.
VITAMIN-STARVATION
ON THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY!
Irritability, depression and undue fatigue are often due to an unsuspected vitamin-shortage. This can even happen to people who enjoy their three square meals a day. For the essential vitamins may be lacking from their diet or may not be present in the form in which a tired system can extract and use them. If so, heed Nature's warning. Angiers 'Supavite' will supply your system with the essential vitamins it simply hasn't been getting.
Is it VITAMIN-SHORTAGE in your case?
It only costs 4d. a day to find out. If, like so many of us, you too are a victim of unsuspected vitamin-starvation, a course of Angiers 'Supavite' will supply all you lack in the form in which your system can absorb and use it. But do not expect 'Supavite' results unless it is Angiers 'Supavite' you take. The 'Supavite' formula is so highly potent that you only need two capsules a day to supply the full adult requirement of the six necessary vitamins, plus essential minerals.
Re-vitaminize your diet—for 4d. a day with
SUPAVITE
TWO CAPSULES DAILY PROVIDE
SIX ESSENTIAL VITAMINS
in the form in which the body can use them.
5/- per box (15 days' supply). Family Pack (60 days' supply) 16/3d. From all Chemists
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO. LTD., LONDON, S.E.1. Laboratories: SOUTH RUISLIP.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

accident rates. It is simply because statistics show that a young girl does not drive the family car as often as her under-age brother does.—MICHAEL ZEALEY, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Hands Off

RONNIE NOBLE'S visit to Pnompenh, Cambodia (*Shoot First!* JOHN BULL, November 20), reminded me of my trip there in March, 1948, with a party of naval officers.

After lunch at the Palace—where

Cambodian royal dancers

the menu was written on strips of bark—a French artist did our portraits in water colours.

At night, after the official ball, a procession of torch bearers led us through the garden to watch the royal dancers.

We were not allowed to pinch the girls, though! After the truly regal hospitality that we had just received, the only pinching that we did was to keep ourselves awake.—COMMANDER WILLIAM DONALD, D.S.C., Houssemayne, Keswick, Cumberland.

Soften The Blow

PASSING a children's playground recently, I heard a loud bump, followed by a cry, as a small child fell from a swing.

This sort of accident can well have a serious effect on a child in later years.

Yet prevention would be a simple matter—rubber bricks laid in the playgrounds, and rubber "cushions" on the edges of swing seats would avoid many an accident.—MISS SALLY WARD, Weaver Street, Glasgow.

Marriage On Mars

IN all the problems which Humphrey Beachy-Cumberland had to solve when he set about civilizing Mars, in your short story, "The Second Trip To Mars" (JOHN BULL, November 20), he appears to have made only one mistake.

He based his marriage rules on the widely held fallacy that a ship's captain can perform the marriage ceremony.

This erroneous belief was so general in my day at sea that the Board of Trade found it prudent to print, in the official log-book supplied to all foreign-going ships, a note reminding ships' masters that they had no power to perform the marriage ceremony. —L. B. PHILPOTT, Master Mariner, Monro Gardens, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

The Department of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths and Marriages says that so far as the Registrar-General is aware, there is no statutory authority under which the master of a British merchant vessel is empowered to perform a marriage ceremony on board his ship.

Under United States Coastguards' regulations, the master of an American ship can perform a legal marriage ceremony at sea.

Loot In The Rift

THE Thames bridge isn't the only piece of riverside London that has gone to Africa ("Free Speech," November 27).

In 1950, I spent a month in Kenya's Rift Valley. In one of the main streets of the town of Nakuru there is a large and handsome lamp standard.

It bears the following inscription: "Original lamp standard from Waterloo Bridge presented to the Nakuru Municipal Board by the London County Council, 1937."—C. E. BROWNE, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

The L.C.C. says that when old Waterloo Bridge was demolished in 1934, its admirers all over the world asked for pieces of it. It is now scattered from Australia to the U.S.A.

Wishful Thinking

DURING our holiday in Anglesey, my wife and son took me to look at a wishing-well on the way to Penmon Point.

The "well" was a small pool about ten inches deep; the bottom was covered with pins of all shapes and sizes dropped in by visitors in the belief that their wishes would thereby come true.

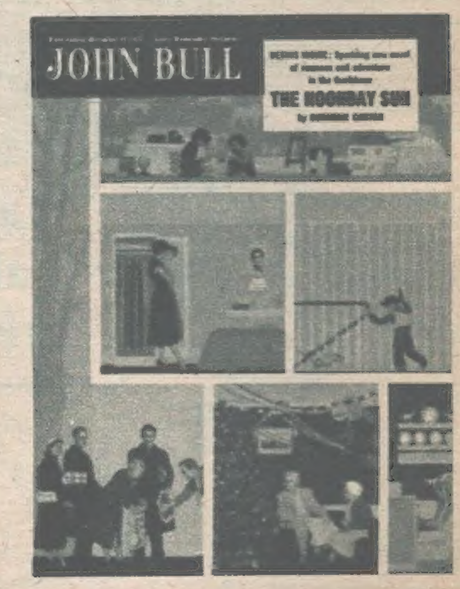
I suggested that if someone started putting coins in, everyone else would follow suit. To prove it, I dropped a penny and a halfpenny into the water.

We passed the well again some hours later. Lying on top of the pins was half a crown's worth of pennies, halfpennies and threepenny bits.—L. T. JONES, Ystradgynlais, Swansea.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A CENTURY ago, the jolly Ghost of Christmas Present showed Ebenezer Scrooge just such a scene as this. The ageless love of festivity that lurks in each of us revels in the excitement of Christmas Day. We beam at the bright-eyed fun in the nursery, whoop with the cowboy on the stairs, thrill at the new dress in honour of a tactful young man who's brought flowers for his future mother-in-law. We gloat over the turkey—done to a turn—and smile with Gran as she says "Here they come!" and tells Grandpa to put yesterday's paper away. "The secret of the whole thing," says Zelinski, "is to have a generous slice of everyone else's good time."



An irritating cough can usually be relieved by a demulcent remedy (*orthodox medical opinion*)

A teaspoonful of Veno's swallowed slowly goes straight to the sensitive membranes . . . bathes them in soothing demulcent syrup

VENO'S is 90% demulcent

—THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR COUGHS

VENO'S
LIGHTNING
COUGH MIXTURE
THE IDEAL FAMILY REMEDY
for Coughs Colds Bronchitis Catarrh Bronchial and Catarrhal Asthma & Children's Coughs
VENO DRUG CO. LTD

Veno's is a pure, medicinal cough syrup with a 90% demulcent action. A teaspoonful, sipped slowly, goes straight to the sensitive membranes of the pharynx and the larynx and is most soothing for a raw, dry throat. According to orthodox medical opinion, a demulcent is most effective for soothing a tickling, irritating cough. Veno's is almost completely demulcent. That is why it is particularly beneficial—especially at bedtime. But, as it is not a sedative and does not dope the nerves, it is entirely suitable for family use, and mothers can give it to children with complete safety at bedtime or any other time.

VENO'S COUGH MIXTURE

2/- and family size 3/3

Soothes the most irritating cough

You know what they're getting

It's good to have some beer at home when friends drop in. But how much better when you can be sure, as you open the bottle, that that beer will be in first-class condition—as you always can be sure with Whitbread's Pale Ale.

What a fine beer this is—brewed with a skill born of long experience. It is bottled only by Whitbread. That is why, wherever you buy a bottle of Whitbread's, you know you can rely on its quality and condition.

Your friends will be glad that you laid in some beer. But they'll be happier still—

when you offer them WHITBREAD

the best of the light ales

A Commission in the Royal Air Force?

Tick the questions to which you can answer 'yes'—and then read on.

1. *Are you between 17½ and 26?* ☐

2. *Are you physically fit?* ☐

3. *Are you keen to fly?* ☐

4. *Have you reached the educational standard of G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate?* ☐

If you can answer 'yes' to all these questions, you qualify to be considered for one of the new Direct Commissions that the Royal Air Force is offering. You will, later, have to convince the R.A.F. that you have the flying aptitude and personal qualities that are required of an officer employed on modern high-speed flying duties. But that need not prevent you from writing for fuller particulars *now*.

Direct Commissions offer a good prospect of a full and interesting career, but those who wish to return to civil life may do so after 12 years (with a tax-free gratuity of £3,000) or after 8 years (with a tax-free gratuity of £1,500).

The thing to do, if you meet the broad requirements, is to write a short letter to the address below asking about the various types of commissions available and giving details of your age, education and any special qualifications.

This informative booklet will be enclosed with the Air Ministry's reply to your letter.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE, AIR MINISTRY (J.B.213), ADASTRAL HOUSE M.R.2, LONDON, W.C.2.

Nasty cough?

"Confidentially ...no!" *says* Reg Dixon

Film-star and professional funny man—that's Reg Dixon. But he wouldn't find it funny to lose his voice. It's vital to his act. How does he protect it? With MAC Throat Sweets.

REG DIXON shares an open secret with many stars. He keeps his throat free from infection with MAC Throat Sweets. He takes them at the first warning signs. Or daily, as a wise and pleasant safeguard.

If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol: you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.

Don't have a throat—have a MAC

MAC BRAND *ANTISEPTIC* THROAT SWEETS
1/6 A PACKET

You're all Set

for more miles of safer cycling . . .

The Dunlop Roadster cycle tyre recognized as the first tyre for day-in, day-out riding, now gives place to something even better. The NEW Roadster offers more comfort, higher mileage and still greater safety—it's the tyre for YOU! Wired Cover 11/6d. Beaded Edge Cover 14/1d. Tube 5/4d.

. . . on the *NEW*

POINTS AHEAD!

Added 'teeth' for greater skid-resistance.

Stronger cord generously rubber-insulated for extra resistance to impact.

Strengthened sidewalls to withstand constant flexing throughout the long life of the tyre and to protect against accidental damage without loss of liveliness.

DUNLOP
ROADSTER TYRE

4H/313

THE NOONDAY SUN

A vivid novel of Caribbean adventure by **BURNHAM CARTER**

THE SUN WAS NEAR the top of the Cuban sky when Tio Martinez woke. The day before, he had left Havana for the Florida Keys with a cargo of rum; and he had returned at 4 a.m. with five hundred dollars in his pocket.

His apartment was on the second floor of an old house, built of coral stone and plastered outside in pale pink. The street was a poor one, but in Havana the rich and the poor are often neighbours, and only a short distance away was the Malecon, the famous drive by the sea. The Prado, the city's principal boulevard, was not much farther.

Tio rose and opened the slats in the window blinds, so that the sun laid gold bars across the tiled floor. He was wearing green silk pyjamas, with the monogram "RTS" on the pocket. For whom the initials stood, Tio did not know; Yoyo Marino, studying to be a pick-pocket and a recent graduate from hooking clothes out of bedrooms with a twenty-foot pole, had given the garment to him in payment of a gambling debt. Tio was a careful dresser, and the smuggling boom had enabled him to gratify his inclination.

For this morning's wear, he chose an unbleached linen suit, of a type known as *crudo*, a blue shirt and a flowered tie. Then he went out to the street. On the house-wall across the way someone had scrawled in

---

The stranger was lean, smart and distinguished. Amelia smiled. "Are you looking for Tio Martinez?" she asked

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

chalk "Down with the Dictatorship," replacing a previous similar injunction which the police had erased.

The *fondita* where he stopped for his breakfast of coffee and bread was called grandiosely The Café of the Moon by Night; but it was little more than a hole in the wall with one table and a wooden counter.

Jaime, the wizened Spanish proprietor, was an impassioned foe of the current Dictator-President, whom he referred to always as *"el Carnicero,"* the Butcher, in tribute to his methods of suppressing opposition. Today, however, there was a tough-faced mulatto lounging over his coffee at the counter, and Jaime was silent.

When the mulatto finally left, just as Tio was finishing, Jaime went to the doorway and spat into the street to show his contempt. *"La Porra,"* he said. "Government thugs."

Tio laughed. "Yes, I think you are right."

"But it will not be long," Jaime said darkly. "Where do you lunch today, Tio?"

"The Mosca, on the Street of the Little Lamp."

"Someone will call on you there today."

The Café Mosca was in that part of Havana known as "the old city," on a street so narrow that the wheels of the passing cars almost touched the kerb on each side. The room, open to the street, was clean, shadowy and fragrant of rum, limes and coffee. The floor was of tile, in a blue and yellow pattern. There were a dozen iron tables with white marble tops, facing a bar of Cuban mahogany, with a pile of pineapples and coconuts at one end.

At the cash register stood the proprietress, Amelia de Zamba, a buxom, pretty woman of twenty-five, with full, warm-coloured cheeks, expressive dark eyes and hair of a midnight black.

Amelia had come into the restaurant business by marriage. In 1922, when she was fifteen, her family had married her to a shrewd Spaniard, much older than she, who had bought the restaurant with his savings. It was then in such a run-down condition that it was known by its patrons, also somewhat run down, as *la Mosca*, the Fly.

Having a sardonic sense of humour, the Spaniard kept the name, but restored and improved the restaurant. It was beginning to make money and half the mortgage was paid off, when the Spaniard died suddenly of heart failure. Amelia inherited the café, the mortgage and a clientele composed largely of Havana's underworld.

She handled this assignment with skill. Mosca habitués noted with approval her ability to make decisions, to quell the impertinent with a flashing eye and to preserve a cheerful countenance upon the café's problems. After three visits, Tio himself had found his spirits lifted by her presence. Their conversation had already reached the point of badinage.

"When I see you, I wish I were a better man," he told her.

"We have that in common," she retorted.

"Ah! That is what I had hoped. Why don't we work together on the problem?"

"What do you have in mind?"

"Well, you must occasionally take some time off from the café——"

"Tuesday nights. And we are closed on Sundays until six."

"Could we do something together on one of those days?"

"Is this an invitation or an inquiry?" said Amelia.

"It's an invitation, my Cuban rose. At the moment I am not free to set a date."

"Well, I shall be happy to consider it."

Tio took a seat at a table, nodding to several he knew, and smiling at Tulip Ping, a cultured, spectacled Chinese who did not belong with the others, but who occasionally represented his countrymen in arranging transportation to American shores.

While Tio was eating lunch, two men entered, one middle-aged and one young. The older man sat down at a table. The other spoke to Amelia and headed for Tio. He looked like a university student—hatless, thin, with curly brown hair above a pale, eager face.

"You are Tio Martinez?" he inquired.

"It is my humble claim," Tio replied. "And you?"

"Roberto Mendin. Jaime—of the *fondita* on Colon Street—told me I would find you here. Would you be so kind as to talk with me and my friend?"

They moved to the other table. Roberto Mendin began an introduction, but his older companion cut him short.

"We hear that you do things without talking about them," he said abruptly.

"The things that I do are hardly worth talking about," Tio replied.

The man did not respond to this pleasantry. "We have a shipment to be moved secretly from Florida to Havana," he said. "About five thousand pounds weight. In a dozen crates. If you can handle it for us, we can deliver it by truck to any point on the coast you designate."

"What is in the crates?"

"They are contraband."

"Yes, I know."

The man's eyes flickered irritably at him, but Tio met the gaze coolly.

"Guns and grenades," the man said.

"I take it that you are members of the ABC?" Tio inquired.

The older man's face grew dark. "You ask too many questions," he growled.

"My friend, you do not understand," Tio explained. "Every type of shipment has its enemies. I merely wish to be able to avoid them."

"Let us say, then, that I am a member of the organization you name," the boy declared.

Tio reflected on the proposition. The ABC was an underground group, dedicated to the overthrow of the dictatorship and formed on the cellular basis used by the old Mafia or Black Hand in Sicily. It had begun with propaganda against the government, operating its own secret newspaper and radio, but had moved into more violent activities. The government had made it clear that anyone who joined the ABC did so at the risk of his life.

Aside from this hazard, Tio did not like to deal with ABC members because such people were less reliable and more talkative than professional crooks. On the other hand, rum-running was on the decline, and it was time for him to pay attention to other cargoes.

"It would cost fifteen hundred dollars," Tio said, "and it would take several days to complete the transaction."

"The time is all right. The cost is excessive."

"If a man is caught smuggling ordinary contraband, he is arrested. If he is caught smuggling guns, he may be shot."

"We risk our lives for the cause every day," the man declared sternly.

"But I risk my life only for money," Tio replied, "and therefore there must be enough of it."

Roberto Mendin looked amused, but the older man's face was sullen. The terms were accepted, however, and the details discussed. Roberto Mendin would come to the café tomorrow to confirm them. The two left. Tio went to pay his bill. Amelia was talking to a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man in a dark suit—Lieutenant Raoul Molina, of the Secret Police.

While there was no affection between Tio and Molina, each regarded the other as a man of ability operating in the wrong field.

"I see you have some friends among the intellectuals," Molina observed.

"Passers-by," Tio replied, disconcerted that

Just as they reached the drifting dinghy, th

Molina should apparently know who they were.

"I see that you prefer the beautiful."

"Not intellectual, you mean," Amelia said. "Beautiful, but dumb."

"Any man who looked at you and said: 'That girl has a good mind' might speak the truth, but he would be missing a point," Tio declared.

"Our friend has a gifted tongue," the lieutenant remarked. His tone was not such as to encourage Tio to exercise his gift further. He walked down to the waterfront.

At the docks, he took the launch to Casa Blanca where, a short distance off-shore, several vessels of Havana's fishing fleet were anchored. The schooners usually stayed out four weeks, moving along the Florida coast in winter, and in summer entering the Gulf of Mexico as far as the Campeche Banks.

One schooner was owned by a leathery Cuban named Miro, with whom Tio had dealt before. Tio engaged him and his craft for six hundred

storm struck, and water poured out of the sky as from a gigantic bucket. Tio reached down to the tall young American, and helped him aboard

dollars. He selected Tampa as the port of call since the route went by the Dry Tortugas where Tio hoped to effect another kind of delivery—there was certainly no point nor profit in making the voyage out in ballast. For this other delivery he returned to the Mosca to confer with Tulip Ping.

Here again the deal was satisfactorily concluded, and a thousand dollars handed over. Business was picking up. Tio was in a sanguine mood when he went to the Mosca the next day to confirm the arrangements with Roberto Mendin.

On the way he heard a dull explosion in the heart of the city, and by the time he reached his destination the news had spread through the cafés that a policeman had been lured to a vacant house by a telephone call and blown to death when he opened the door.

Roberto Mendin's moody young face was lit with excitement. "We had been planning it for some time," he confided to Tio. "Actually it was the captain of police they hoped to get, but he sent someone else."

"What does it matter as long as someone was killed?" Tio observed.

At the dryness in his voice, Roberto Mendin looked up defiantly. "He probably deserved it, too," he said. "I do not like all of it, but we have to scare them—until we are ready to fight in the open. Then you will see."

"There are fifteen thousand men in the army."

"They will come on our side."

"Suppose they don't. What then?"

"Then, perhaps, we shall lose. A man doesn't fight only to win."

"Ah," Tio said. "What does he fight for, then?"

"For—for honour."

Tio looked at him as a man might examine a new food product: interesting, perhaps, but let someone else try it first. "As for me," he said, "I fight only to win. But now let us talk about the guns."

After Roberto had left, Tio went to the bar. A boy had just delivered a potted pink azalea to Amelia. She looked at the card.

"How nice!" she murmured. She suppressed a giggle, and showed the card to Tio. It was inscribed: *Raoul Molina, Teniente de la Policia Secreta*—and in the corner was written: *"An inadequate token of my esteem."*

"The man moves fast," Tio commented, "but who can blame him?"

"The flowers are just the colour of my hair ribbon," Amelia said. She raised her hand to the pink butterfly bow in her dark hair. The gesture was graceful in itself and had the extra advantage of emphasizing her attractions.

"You said that you took Tuesday evenings

Gloria spoke quietly. "I'm very busy now." She hesitated, then added: "I'm in politics"

off," Tio remarked. "Could we do something this Tuesday?"

"Alas, Tio, I am busy. It is this same lieutenant."

To his surprise, he felt a stab of irritation, but he said lightly: "It pains me to see you associating so closely with the police."

"Well, I am on that side of the line," Amelia replied earnestly. "And I wish you were, too, Tio." She gave him an expressive and oddly stirring flash of her eyes. "Of course, I know that you are a clever smuggler. But—you may laugh at the saying—in the long run, honesty is the best policy."

"One cannot always afford the best," Tio said. His good humour was restored by this retort, and he blew her a kiss and departed.

The fishing schooner Estrella left Havana Harbour on the next afternoon, carrying a crew of six, including Miro and Tio, and a cargo of five mis-shapen sacks of burlap in the hold. Three miles out from the coast, the sacks were cut open, and five Chinese emerged. Shortly after dawn, a dinghy put them ashore on the Dry Tortugas, each clasping a small bundle of possessions for life in the new world. They would be picked up by motor boat.

Free of contraband, the Estrella proceeded to join its sister ships of the Tampa fleet. That night a truck came down to the dock with a load of ice and a dozen crates.

The crates were loaded into the ice tank, and the ice used to cover them. To improve the camouflage, Tio had Miro drop anchor on the way home while they fished with hand lines. The catch was poor, but it provided a display of fish on the top of the ice tank.

A FEW miles outside Havana, Miro predicted a rain squall. Approaching from the east, along the coast, was a vessel which he identified through field glasses as a Cuban gunboat on coastal patrol. A moment later, he noticed a dinghy in the western direction with two occupants, one of them signalling with a shirt.

"They want us to pick them up," Miro said. "If we do, the patrol boat will intercept us."

"Well then, let the patrol boat pick them up," Tio said.

The dark cloud seemed to burst without sound. The man was waving frantically now.

"Turn back and pick them up," Tio told Miro. "We cannot let them die."

"Why not?" Miro growled, but he turned the schooner around.

Just as they reached the dinghy, the storm hit, and the water poured out of the sky as from a gigantic bucket. Tio helped the two men aboard. The one who had been signalling was a wizened little Cuban who scrambled up like a monkey with a continuous jabber of profane and terrified comment; the other was a tall, calm, young American. The dinghy was tied astern, and everyone ran for the cabin.

The American peeled off his soaked jacket. "We are grateful to you," he said, in a halting Spanish. "If you had not come, we would be swimming now with the fish. Isn't it so, Paco?"

"It is surely so," his Cuban companion replied, "only I do not swim."

"My name is Ballard," the American said, extending his hand to Tio.

"Tio Martinez, at your service."

One of the crew served coffee. Paco began talking: he had taken the Señor Ballard fishing —the señor was a man of importance from the American Embassy—and the motor had broken down.

As Paco rattled on, the American turned to Tio. "How long have you been out?" he asked.

"A couple of weeks."

"Don't these schooners usually stay out longer?"

"Yes, but the fishing was poor."

The American's eyes shifted briefly from Tio's

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Kitimat tames a wilderness

by KEITH ELLIS

A fabulous dream comes true in the desolate wastes of British Columbia. Percy Radley's ten thousand men burrow through the mountains and harness the power of a hundred miles of lakes

ON APRIL, 1952, a contractor on the Aluminum Company of Canada's enormous expansion scheme in British Columbia urgently needed accommodation for men working at Kitimat, a site on the Douglas Channel, four hundred miles north of Vancouver. Hearing that the Delta King, a Sacramento River steamer, was for sale in California, he bought her, towed her up to Kitimat and ran her aground. Today, her single funnel still busily belches smoke, but, instead of driving a paddle-wheel, her boilers provide heat and hot water for the three hundred construction men who live in her cabins.

The conversion of the Delta King was just one of the extraordinary measures adopted in a scheme by which the Aluminum Company of Canada (Alcan) expects ultimately to increase its production of aluminium by 540,000 tons a year.

Aluminium is tough, light, rustproof. It can be rolled, spun, forged, cast, powdered or drawn into fine wire. Since its value for pots, pans, aeroplanes, fighting ships, electric cables, venetian blinds, farm implements and about four thousand other purposes was widely recognized in the early thirties, world demand has doubled every ten years. Speaking of the British Columbia project, of which he is manager, Alcan's Percy Edward Radley says: "We had to catch that world demand."

Power House Inside Mountain

Ultimately, Alcan expects to have spent more than £200 million in British Columbia. When the Duke of Edinburgh watched the first forty-eight pound ingot clatter down a slide from the smelter at Kitimat on August 2 this year, he was witnessing the completion of merely the first stage. On this alone, ten thousand men have laboured, with more than £7 million worth of equipment, harnessing in three and a half years an area the size of Wales. "This is the largest integrated industrial development ever undertaken," claims Radley.

Overcoming extreme physical adversities, his men have built Kenney Dam, the largest rock-filled dam in the world; they have driven a tunnel through ten miles of rock, mostly granite; they have blasted out a power house a quarter of a mile inside a mountain; they have built the first section of a smelter that now produces 90,000 tons of aluminium a year; they have laid out a town in which six thousand people already live; they have built a deep-water port.

If the world demand for aluminium justifies it, Alcan plans to extend the smelter to six times its present size so that it will be two and a half miles long, the biggest aluminium smelter in the world. The town of Kitimat is then expected to have a population of 50,000.

The Ore Comes From Jamaica

A slightly stooping figure whose spectacles, neat moustache and gentle manner belie a ruthless efficiency, Radley explains that power is the greatest single ingredient in the production of aluminium. The electricity needed to smelt one ton would heat and light an average home for fifteen years. Although Alcan mines the ore in Jamaica, it is economic to move it to a source of cheap power anywhere in the world.

"Before we settled on British Columbia," Radley says, "we explored possible hydro-electric sites in Quebec, Iceland, New Zealand, Venezuela, Japan, British Guiana, the Gold Coast and the Philippines."

British Columbia, hitherto undeveloped industrially, has in abundance the two essentials for producing cheap electricity: water and vast height. Along the Pacific coast runs a chain

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A temporary wharf at Kitimat, growing aluminium port. Percy Radley (second from right), the project manager, inspects construction work

Bracegirdle's Christmas

by ***THURMAN WARRINER***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

"I'm a policeman," he told her. "Not Santa Claus." Yet not even Santa could have brought such a gift as this

INSPECTOR BRACEGIRDLE smiled. Sergeant Strake had been sarcastic about the Christmas card that had arrived for the inspector at the station. Bracegirdle was impervious to sarcasm, and he liked Christmas cards. While Strake warmed his rump in front of the big fire, he glanced at the little note that had come with the card. A note in a woman's handwriting. It took his mind back a long, long way. To a Christmas halfway through the thirties. Seemed a lifetime ago. . . .

He was Police Constable Bracegirdle then, living in a little red-brick house on the outskirts of Farworth, a substantial village four miles north of Holtrigg. He had only been married a year. Mrs. Bracegirdle was a pretty, bright-eyed girl, very proud of her handsome husband and confident that he would go right to the top.

Life was easy at Farworth. Crime, even of the lesser kind, was rare, and Bracegirdle's time was mostly occupied in keeping an eye on such matters as sheep-dipping and minor infringements of all those irritating regulations that waste so much of a farmer's time.

He came in, tired and hungry, one Saturday lunchtime just before Christmas and went straight into the kitchen. He kissed Mrs. Bracegirdle behind her ear, and made her guess with eyes closed what he held in his hand before giving her the box of her favourite chocolates he had bought in Holtrigg that morning.

"Darling, there's been a phone message," she said. "From Mrs. Hardwick, Old Malt House."

Bracegirdle only grunted, preoccupied with smuggling his heavy boots out of sight. He should have taken them off at the door instead of letting the melting snow-water run all over his wife's linoleum.

"What's Mrs. Hardwick's trouble?"

"Well, it seems Bryan went out this morning and hasn't been home since."

"I'll call and see her when I've had something to eat." Bracegirdle was not greatly disturbed. With snow on the ground and sledging on all the slopes around Farworth, you couldn't expect small boys to think about lunch.

"Darling, I'm sorry for Rhona Hardwick. She always gives me the idea she could be *so* nice, and yet she won't let herself be."

"Her husband can't think she's *so* nice," Bracegirdle muttered, concealing the boots behind the coalbox. "Or I should have said her ex-husband. I wouldn't swop you for fifty Rhona Hardwicks."

"Of course you wouldn't! But she did sound worried."

"Not worried enough to pull on a pair of wellingtons and walk up as far as the Bridge Field. That's where he'll be. All right—forget it! I'll give her a call."

Rhona Hardwick was Farworth's least-known resident, with no close friends and few callers. Bryan, now nearly eight years old, went to a preparatory school in Holtrigg and was forbidden to associate with the Farworth children, though he managed to evade this order whenever his mother's back was turned.

It was public knowledge that she had come from London when she married Ralph Hardwick. She had never liked the bleak countryside around Holtrigg. Ralph was wealthy—he came from a family of farmers and land-owners—and she had a car of her own. She would often drive into Northfield alone. No doubt she had friends there. One friend in particular, it was uncharitably rumoured.

If so, she didn't marry him when she divorced Ralph. For that was what it came to. She was given custody of the child, and continued to live in the pleasant old house she had come to as a bride several years earlier. It was Ralph who left, and where he was living now, no one seemed to know. He was allowed to see Bryan once a month. Bracegirdle had seen him on Sunday afternoons, driving through the village towards the Old Malt House.

Last year, he happened to know, Ralph Hardwick had wanted to take Bryan for a holiday, but Rhona had refused. It seemed odd to Bracegirdle. Court orders or not, old bitternesses should be buried with the years. He knew of many a case where there was a loose, friendly arrangement that short-circuited lawyers' offices and judges' chambers. Children are children, he mused, as he went up Rhona Hardwick's drive, not typewritten names on a form.

HE was shown in by a maid. Rhona Hardwick smiled her cool, remote smile as, rather uncomfortably, he entered the room. "I'm sorry to trouble you," she said. "It's very kind of you to come so quickly."

"I'd soon be in trouble if I didn't," he replied pleasantly. "My wife tells me your little boy's missing."

"Well, you *could* use that word, Officer." She was dark, and smoothly beautiful. "The point is, can a person be missing when you know quite well where he's gone?"

Even then, Bracegirdle's chin was blue and he had the habit of rubbing it. "Do you know where he's gone, Mrs. Hardwick?" he said.

"Of course I do! He's with my—my former husband."

"Oh yes. . . . Yes, I see what you mean." He coughed diplomatically.

"Do sit down, Officer. I'll have to explain

Rhona herself was waiting for him. She ha

the situation, and I'm not very good at that. You know that I divorced my husband two years ago. Everyone knows that. It was simply because we were mutually antagonistic. He couldn't or wouldn't understand why I wanted light and warmth and gaiety; I couldn't understand why he liked spending his time in pubs with a lot of ignorant farmers—instead of wanting to live a decent life in a decent neighbourhood."

Considerably embarrassed, Bracegirdle nodded. "By way of being a naturalist, too, wasn't he? I seem to remember articles in the papers."

"Yes! His idea of a first-class sensation was finding some dreary, obscure plant a hundred miles out of its latitude and taking photographs of it from every angle. . . . But that's by the way. After the divorce he went to live on the East Coast. Somewhere on the marshes among gannets and wild duck, I think. But he's come back."

"To Farworth?"

"Not exactly. He's bought a crazy little

lost a lot of her self-possession since the last time that Bracegirdle had seen her. Without a word, he carried the child past her into the house

tumbledown hovel over by Ghyll Banks and he's writing a book about bird migration."

Ghyll Banks was on the Grassingford side, a lonely, cheerless spot twelve miles away by the main road but only six over the tops. A track, hard going in summer and almost impossible in bad weather, led up from behind Farworth Church.

"The object, naturally, is to be nearer Bryan. Last week he wrote to me, suggesting that Bryan should spend Christmas with him. It seems he met Bryan—accidentally, he says, though I don't believe it—leaving school. I refused, of course. One reason I divorced my husband was to make sure that Bryan wouldn't be brought up according to his ideas."

BRACEGIRDLE was looking at the Christmas cards on the mantelpiece above Rhona Hardwick's head. She was talking too fast and too long. Defending herself against something, he thought, and wondered what it was.

"This morning he came to Farworth," she said. Bracegirdle looked at her in surprise.

"You mean he called here?"

She shook her head. "Oh no! I made it quite clear to him long ago that there was to be no fraternizing. He doesn't come indoors even when he calls for Bryan once a month as he is allowed to do."

Peace on earth, read Bracegirdle on a holly-decorated card. *Goodwill to all men.*

He noticed that Rhona Hardwick's hands were twitching.

"No," she said, "he didn't come here, but he was seen in the village. My maid saw him, and two other people I know. He went to Scholey's, the toy-shop, and he was seen sitting in his car, parked in the square. Bryan was in the car with him. They were also seen driving along the Grassingford road."

"The inference being that when you refused to let Bryan go to him, he took matters into his own hands?"

"Doesn't it seem obvious?"

"I suppose it does, yes. What exactly do you want me to do about it, Mrs. Hardwick?"

"Bring him back."

"Yes, of course." He felt more uncomfortable than ever.

RHONA HARDWICK said: "Mr. Hardwick has no legal right to see him till January the eleventh. I suppose these orders can be enforced?"

"No doubt they can," he admitted cautiously, "though I'm not sure about my powers, Mrs. Hardwick. But it's my afternoon off, and I'll see what I can do, just to set your mind at rest. Is Mr. Hardwick on the phone?"

"I don't think he is."

"Then I'd better go up and see him."

"As you're officially off duty, take my car."

"It would certainly save a trip to Holtrigg to pick up one there. It's—what, quarter to three. I should be there by half past and be able to let you know something before dark."

"That's very kind of you. The car's by the

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ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS

Harry Hopkins, in his JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN, concludes his visit to Tyneside. He meets a proud, warm-hearted people, whose clamorous capital is a centre of ships and football—and soot

NEWCASTLE-FORTRESS FOR THE GEORDIE

ALL THE WAY ALONG from the massive towers of Tyne Bridge the quayside was black with people. They drifted along, a slow, dark, broad stream, held between the offices of the shipping companies and the coal exporters and the long line of lorries parked on the outer edge of the quay, bonnets to the river, backs piled high with handbags and nylons and pottery Alsatians and shepherdesses and gleaming clocks.

They flowed on, past the waving, apoplectic salesmen, past the old chap selling bows and arrows, the shooting galleries and the darts and the little knot of evangelists, with the concertina, on the corner, and the counters of "Jack Gallon's Sarsaparilla," the glasses ready set up, in dark-brown frothy rows. The flame-swallower, with the "inside like a horse," brandishing his blazing torch, claimed a few; others paused to savour the various stalls, or to read the board that ran: "THE GREAT GIPSY SMITH—THE MAN WHO MADE MILLIONS THINK—GIFTED BY NATURE. International Phrenological and Physiognomical Institute. PRESS INTERVIEWS BY APPOINTMENT."

There was plenty of time. It was Sunday morning—and the Sunday morning market on the Newcastle quayside is not a thing to be rushed. By any standard, it is a remarkable institution. Nowhere have I seen so many "auctioneers" simultaneously in full cry, side by side; never have I witnessed such affecting outbursts of commercial generosity, such pace, so reckless an outpouring of the superhuman energy necessary to create, around the back of a lorry, single-handed, that psychological phenomenon known to the Stock Exchange as a bull market.

And One For Auntie, Too

"Superfine writing pads next, 1s. 3d. . . . see the price on 'em, 1s. 3d. . . . Tell you what I'll do . . . you can have two for two shillings . . . two for two bob. . . . No, no, I'll go even better, I'll make it two for one shilling. . . . You got an auntie, dear? Well, here's one for her, too. . . . Come along, three for one shilling . . . soon be finished."

Towards the end of the market, where a Danish butter-and-egg ship was tied up, a well-dressed West Indian, with grey hair brushed back like Mr. Bustamante's, had a framed certificate propped on the back of his car. His discourse was pitched on a note of idealism, which somehow involved Nature Cure, the late King Edward VII's appendicitis operation, Newcastle United, Christian Communism, and the Bishop of Bermuda. But a serious moral tone pays, and when the time came to hand down the little

By the quayside market, the great span of the Tyne Bridge arches above its older companions —the Swing Bridge (bottom) and the High Level

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

C. P. Hollingsworth and an assistant—two of the thousands working at Tyneside's "Whitehall"

Mohammed Muckble, father of the Moslem community in South Shields, with his Scots wife (on his left) and relatives. His story is a "modern Arabian nights"

At Newcastle's of his regular

white packets, hands clutching coins stretched out to reach them.

By 12.30 the quayside was pretty well jammed; but, down the steps from the town, under the great steel arch of the Tyne Bridge, the people still came. For the most part these were solid, substantial Geordies, in their Sunday suits, often with a couple of children in tow, out on the ritual Newcastle Sunday morning outing, while at home Mother got the dinner ready.

Here, in fact, I thought, was probably one of the two best places in Newcastle to study the Geordie at home, at ease in his natural habitat. And the other place, St. James's Football Ground, I'd visited the day before.

Kingdom Of The Far North

Newcastle United, at this time, had lost six consecutive home matches. The morale of the team's supporters was at a low ebb. As usual on such occasions, these misfortunes were reflected by steep falls in the takings of cafés and shops in the town, and a slump in the revenue of the corporation transport undertaking. Nevertheless, 40,000 people turned up at St. James's Park disgustedly to watch their team defeated once again.

Such monumental loyalty, such rocklike local patriotism, is fundamental to the Geordie. For Newcastle—"dinna forget, mon"—is not just one more provincial city, like Coventry, or Nottingham. Newcastle is the capital of Northumbria, the kingdom of the Far North, still a kingdom set apart. Newcastle folk complain of getting letters addressed "Newcastle, Yorkshire." Yorkshire! To them Yorkshire belongs almost to the effeminate South. The B.B.C., on the other hand, couples them with Ulster and Scotland. The Geordie laughs. He pities them in their ignorance. He is in no doubt at all where he stands. He is the Man of the North, tough, compact, wiry, the true Northerner of England.

He plants his feet firmly on the ground, a little apart, as he tells you these things. His self-assurance is complete. His talk has precision, an incisive snap. And when he stops, his mouth sets in a firm, almost tight, line. Some have called him "dour"; perhaps "poker-faced" would be better. But touch the right spring and the cast-iron mask cracks open, to reveal the real warm-hearted Geordie, winking waggishly, flying off most likely into a flow of volubility that seems almost Celtic.

It is the same with the accent. At one moment, the stranger is detecting in it the canny echoes of Scotland; at the next, it develops the swing, the rising inflexions, the pace, which for a moment almost has him persuaded he must be listening to a Welshman. But then comes that throaty burr, the "uvular r," which, they'll tell you up here (and what a magnificent story!), was originally brought in by hero-worshipping henchmen copying a speech-defect of their great chieftain, Harry Hotspur.

The truth—as any Geordie himself will tell you if given the chance—is that both he and his accent are unique, a piquant and yet at the same time sustaining ingredient in the rich human broth brewed up down the years in this island.

Muttering glumly to each other, the United's supporters streamed out of the St. James's Park ground, down Gallowgate, past the high square towers of the big Co-op store, hurrying homeward. On their way, suffering again the agonies of the match, they passed a dark alley, closed off along one side by a high massive wall of old black stone: the old town wall.

To few outsiders does the name of Newcastle suggest antiquity. Newcastle folk themselves take their history casually, in their stride—on the way home from the match. Yet Newcastle, it must be understood, is a venerable city. Newcastle is no nineteenth century upstart town. It is a city which looks down the whole vista of English history.

In the sixteenth century, John Leland, in Newcastle on an earlier "Journey Into Britain," wrote: "The strength and magnificence of its waulling far passith all the waulls of the cities of England and most of the townes of Europe." But today you must poke about the back streets to discover what is left of the wall.

I located one fine high stretch running through the middle of the Federation Brewery. I picked it up again on the other side of Westgate Road, in a narrow back lane, crowded up against an electro-plating factory.

There were three towers in the wall there. They stood, marooned in this obscure back seat in the middle of the modern city, just as they'd stood in the thirteenth century, with loopholes for arrows. But now, scheduled as an Ancient Monument, cosseted by the local Society of Antiquaries (which claims to be the oldest antiquarian society in England), the town walls are at last being set in order by masons.

"But we're not going to clean them and make them pretty like York does," Dr. Hunter Blair, a leader of the antiquaries, impressed upon me.

City Escaped Humiliation

Though most of the old Newcastle was engulfed long ago, the city, by a strange local miracle, escaped, at least in its central area, the humiliation that industrialism brought to most of our old cities. The "miracle"—and again perhaps Newcastle's remoteness from the rest of England had something to do with it—was the conjunction here, in time and place, of a town clerk of great wealth and public spirit, a speculative builder of fabulous boldness and ambition, and an architect who somehow preserved a sure Georgian instinct well into the bustling reign of Queen Victoria.

These three—John Clayton, the perspicacious town clerk, Richard Grainger, the builder, son of a quayside porter, and Dobson, the designer of streets, the Nash of the Far North—by demolishing and rebuilding with unparalleled

corporation weighhouse, Bobby Grice weighs one clients, Stella Dickinson, on the meat scales

enthusiasm, gave Newcastle a modern system of central streets that are wide, well-planned and designed as a whole in a way almost unknown in our great industrial cities.

Grey Street, John Dobson's most ambitious work (Gladstone once called it "our best modern street") sweeps upwards in a long stately curve from the river, stepping back with the majestic deliberation of a nobleman bowing himself out. It is a street of offices; no clamorous shopfronts mar the dignity of Dobson's Corinthian façades—but the rich coating of Tyne soot plunges them into deep and permanent mourning.

At the top of the street, Earl Grey, atop his lofty column, looks down on the spreading roofs of Grainger Market—another remarkable fruit of this odd, individualistic early exercise in town-planning. Neatly tucked away behind the frontages of two parallel streets—so that the stranger never suspects its presence—the Grainger Market is a huge place, with more than 260 shops and stalls, a hidden town within a town. In pre-war days, the miner and his missus, the plater and his wife, liked to wind up a weekend outing to "Newcassel" with an exuberant foray through the packed market alleys, viewing the bargain joints flaunted by apparently desperate butchers, still in full cry long after the last shop outside had closed. But the war changed many things. These days, the Grainger Market is as sedate as the streets outside.

Yet, here and there, a determined social antiquarian can still savour the lingering flavour of the rumbustious gas-lit era. At Percivals ("PIES, PEAS, AND POTATOES—UPSTAIRS FOR OUR NOTED HOT DINNERS"), Mrs. Gertie Temple still dispenses her "rabbit dinners" and "pitman's pot-pies," still aims to provide "a nice, rough meal, a workman's meal."

Venison from the Border estates still hangs from the hook outside Colmans, and here is still a red-fronted floridly-lettered "ORIGINAL PENNY BAZAAR"—an object of pious pilgrimage from Marks and Spencers' head office. It was the fourth venture of a certain Mr. Marks, a canny lad from Bishop Auckland, across the river.

The Weighhouse, too, is still doing a roaring trade.

This is one of those Newcastle institutions which must be seen to be believed. "CORPORATION WEIGHHOUSE" reads the big sign that hangs in the middle of one of the main market avenues. And, at the side, the ornamental windows of coloured glass particularize: "General Weighhouse . . . Weighhouse for Ladies and Children."

A queue of waiting people—men, women and children, all sorts and conditions—stretches out through the open doorway. Inside, in the dimness, at the head of the queue, a stout lady is divesting herself of her coat, getting on the scales. A man in corporation uniform manipulates weights. . . . Could it really be that the citizens of Newcastle are afflicted by a passion to be weighed by their corporation?

Saturday Is The Big Day.

Nothing less. In Newcastle, distrust of merely private scales runs deep. Contempt for penny-in-the-slot automatics is absolute. Fancy illuminated dials cut no ice. For your canny Geordie it must be the "corporation weight," duly inscribed by a corporation officer on the proper slip of paper—and nothing else will do.

I paid my penny and duly received my corporation weight. "Saturday morning, had two of 'em waiting at twenty to nine, before we opened," said Bobby Grice, presiding "general" weigher. Saturday, it seems, is the big day. On Saturday, extra weighers are brought in—and a third scale is used, the big scale with the hook, normally used for hanging meat on.

So far, Grice told me, his personal day's record is 2,094 citizens duly weighed; the avoirdupois record was established one day with the appearance of a client who turned the scale at twenty-seven stones three pounds—and was helped on to them by his wife, who herself later marked up a handy seventeen stones five pounds.

"But then," said Grice, "I'd rather weigh twelve heavy persons than one light one. The heavyweights will accept their weights, you see." And he should know, because he and his colleague, Miss Florence McCable, of the "Ladies' and Children's," and their Saturday extras write something like 560,000 weight tickets a year, bringing the city the by-no-means contemptible revenue of £2,350.

The Great North Road, A1, runs right through the middle of Newcastle. The motorist, travelling by it, crosses the Tyne Bridge, climbs the steep slope up from the river, runs through one of the city's main shopping streets, and then, suddenly, on his left there opens up a vast, rather bleak and featureless expanse of grass, receding into the distance almost as far as the eye—on a Newcastle autumn day—can see.

Freemen Own The Grass

But these unexpected wide open spaces are not entirely empty. Sweeping the horizon as he speeds along the Great North Road, the motorist may detect, here and there, almost lost in the vastness, small herds of cows, grazing.

This is the Town Moor, a medieval common which owes its survival into this century to one of those unravellable legal tangles by which, while the corporation without a doubt owns the soil and all that lies beneath, the Freemen of Newcastle, in effect, own the grass-roots.

The Town Moor is to Newcastle what Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath are to the capital, though scenically, and in amenities, it falls far short of either. Chartists, striking miners, radicals of every sort marched and demonstrated here, their banners flying. General Wade's troops encamped here on their way to suppress the '45. The Moor was the scene of such popular sports as bull-baiting matches, cock-fights, and public executions (the last in 1844). These days

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SOVIET ESPIONAGE—by former Moscow agent Nikolai Khokhlov

My life in RUSSIA'S SECRET SERVICE

IN February this year, Russian secret agent Nikolai Khokhlov was sent to Western Germany. His mission was to murder, and his weapon was a cigarette-case pistol loaded with poison bullets. Two months later, after his surrender, this startling murder plot was exposed to the Western world.

JOHN BULL has already told the story of Georgi Okolovich—Khokhlov's intended victim. But what has never yet been told in this country is the full story of Khokhlov's amazing career in espionage.

Beginning next week, JOHN BULL will publish Khokhlov's own account of his thirteen dangerous years as a secret agent. It is an authentic and revealing picture of Russia's intelligence system at work. It portrays some of the Soviet's top security chiefs, tells of their labyrinthine headquarters in Moscow's Dzerzhinsky Square, and gives an account of the dramatic arrest of the once all-powerful Lavrenti Beria.

Khokhlov entered Russia's intelligence service at the age of nineteen. "My rôle as secret agent was, in fact, many rôles, and I played them under many names," he writes. "In 1941, when I joined the N.K.V.D., I was Nikolai Volin, entertainer and artistic whistler, with the mission of sabotaging the German forces expected at any moment to enter Moscow. . . .

"Later I was Lt. Otto Wittgenstein of the German occupation forces in Minsk, in which rôle I spent a year as a spy and saboteur and organized the murder of the German Gauleiter Wilhelm Kube. After the war, as Stanislaw Lewandowski, a Polish radio technician, I lived a double life for four years in Rumania. . . .

"Then I was Josef Hofbauer, Austrian merchant, assigned to explore certain weaknesses in Western Europe. I was Lt. Nikolai Yegorov of the Red Army when I worked in East Berlin as an M.G.B. staff officer and recruiter of agents. Finally, I was again Josef Hofbauer for 'Operation Rhine'—the assignment to murder Okolovich."

Behind the story of Khokhlov the agent is the very human story of Khokhlov the man. Khokhlov tells of the growing conflict between his work and his conscience—heightened when he fell in love with Yanina, a deeply religious girl who became his wife; of their moving farewell when he left on his murder assignment—knowing that by deciding to sabotage his mission he was also endangering the safety of his family.

My Life In Russia's Secret Service is a gripping story. The first instalment appears

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Edward Ward talks his way into adventure

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

Nothing upsets radio's coolest commentator. He scorns bombs and evades charging bulls. He once spent Christmas marooned in a lighthouse—and made himself famous

A RADIO BROADCASTER, Edward Ward, was recording a commentary on a Seville bullfight recently when the bull jumped the barrier and charged towards him in the alleyway circling the ring. Ward vaulted into the arena. Half an hour later, another bull jumped the barrier, and once again Ward leaped for his life.

"Three out of six bulls at that fight got into the alleyway with me," Ward says. "I got sick of scrambling over the barrier." On his third trip into the ring he barely had time to leap back into the alleyway. The bull had jumped back into the ring with him.

"Although fundamentally a dignified man, Eddie is always getting into strange situations," says a friend. In his quest for radio feature programmes, Ward has shivered in Siberia, hidden in ditches from dive bombers and been on speaking terms with prime ministers and Chinese racketeers.

He makes a speciality of turning strange and difficult situations to his advantage. In December, 1946, he himself became news overnight. After a Christmas broadcast from Bishop Rock lighthouse, he was trapped by a storm and marooned for a month. Instead of treating the situation as hopeless, he exploited it by broadcasting a series of humorous programmes on life in the lighthouse.

Foiled Neguib's Censors

Once, the B.B.C. sent him to Cairo at twenty-four hours' notice, and Ward worked for three days breaking through red tape to get an interview with General Neguib. It promised to be a failure. Neguib was surrounded by young army officers who censored all personal questions. Then, for a few moments, Neguib and Ward were left alone. Seizing his chance, Ward shot three personal questions, and within two minutes had answers which later formed the backbone of his broadcast.

"Eddie Ward," says Laurence Gilliam, head of B.B.C. features, "is a Bulldog Drummond character who moves through revolutions, wars, national disasters and exotic places with all the grandeur of a huge luxury car." For the past twenty years, forty-nine year old Ward, who has a toothy smile, a handsome moustache and pleasant self-assurance, has ranged the world as a documentary and feature programme producer.

His programmes are a mixture of sounds, voices and conversations, which he augments and explains in his own voice. Much of his work is for the B.B.C., but as a freelance he does commentaries and commercial work for other

At a Red Indian reservation, Ward prepares a feature. "He may be only a viscount," say friends, "but he has the manner of a duke"

Ward tours the world compiling programmes, and in France visits an orphanage. In Korea he endured shell barrages, mud and cold—then found his recorder had failed

As Ward (centre) interviews a crocodile hunter, his wife takes recordings. With her he made a series, *Danger Is My Business*

radio and film organizations. After various overseas assignments, he has retold his experiences in books on Europe, China and U.S.A.

His voice has been silenced only once—when he was captured by the Germans in North Africa in 1941. He spent three years in prison camps and, although unable to prepare radio programmes during that time, he later wrote a book about his experiences, called *Give Me Air*.

In times of emergency, which have been frequent in Ward's life, he uses any available method of collecting and preparing programme material. During the Finnish war, he heard a rumour that fighting had ended. He was in Stockholm at the time, but on impulse he telephoned the Finnish minister in Sweden, whom he had met at a cocktail party. Pretending to have background knowledge of the rumour, he asked, "What exactly are the peace terms?"

The minister, caught off balance, said he could not release peace terms at that moment. Ward immediately rushed confirmation of the existence of peace to London and secured a world scoop by some hours.

In spite of his eminence as a broadcaster, Ward is one of the most retiring members of British titled families. He is the seventh Viscount Bangor, a title which dates back to 1781. All that remains of a once large estate in Northern Ireland is a sixteen-bedroomed Georgian house—now administered by the National Trust—where Ward occasionally stays.

Man Seized The Microphone

Some colleagues claim that Ward's immense self-assurance is due to his titled background. "Eddie may be only a viscount, but he has the grand manner of a duke," says one of them.

He is always worried that his subjects may become speechless in front of a microphone. "You have to try to sum up people before you ask them to speak," he says. One man embarrassed Ward during the war by seizing the microphone and shouting, "Can you hear me, Mother? Tell Maisie and the kids I'm all right."

As well as fearing to meet people who have mike fright, Ward is occasionally troubled by faulty machinery. After recording a long series of interviews with British forces in Korea, he returned to Tokyo to transcribe his work. "I had endured shell barrages, mud and cold for nothing," he says ruefully. "Faulty batteries in the tape recorder had ruined every recording."

Rich Aunt Left Him Money

As a boy, Ward thought he was going to be a soldier—like his father, the sixth Viscount Bangor—but after failing successive examinations at the Royal Military Academy he abandoned the idea. He then worked for a shipping firm in Liverpool and later as a commercial news service correspondent in China in 1933; he was then left some money by a rich aunt. He gave up his job and spent the money sightseeing in Siberia and Europe and improving his growing grasp of languages.

Throughout his life, Ward has always been willing to take a chance. Returning from Europe, he went into business. He speculated in thousands of bushels of wheat, then decided the market was tricky and sold short. Wheat prices soared, and Ward emerged from his dealings almost bankrupt. He then sought an announcer's job with the B.B.C.

The B.B.C., Ward says, was never very happy about his announcing and, after receiving a number of complaints from listeners, decided to banish him to Bristol. Ward forestalled the move by getting a transfer from announcing to the Features Department. From that position, he was sent to Finland, became famous for his war dispatches and began his present career.

Ward and his wife—Marjorie Banks, the producer—frequently work as a team and did so even before their marriage in 1951. It was Ward's fourth marriage. In 1949, they travelled thousands of miles compiling programmes on the Marshall Plan. More recently, they produced a series, *Danger Is My Business*.

"One would think that men in dangerous jobs would make good programme material," says Ward, "but human nature is so infinitely variable that I never know what to expect."

He once tried to build up a programme about a jet pilot to a terrific climax. "I did everything I could to heighten the drama of a man flying miles into the sky and then smashing through the sound barrier." At the climax of the interview, the airman laconically crushed all Ward's efforts by saying, "It's not a *bad* feeling, but supersonic flying does become dull."

However, when Ward is dealing with situations which call for descriptions in his own words, he is on surer ground. When the Russians began bombing Helsinki one afternoon in 1939, the city was thrown into confusion. Ward immediately hired a car and directed it towards the noise of the bombing.

With blazing and toppling buildings and Finnish firefighters all round him, he began work. Richard Busvine, a former war correspondent, says, "While the rest of us were still trying to get our bearings, Eddie was calmly recording a first-class broadcast."

Success With The Russians

An ability to stay unruffled under all conditions is a quality of Ward's which is well recognized by Laurence Gilliam. "That is why I send him on the most difficult assignments I have," he says. After one of these assignments—the first meeting of American and Russian forces at the end of the war—Ward was invited to a big party and cabaret put on by the Russians in honour of the event.

The cabaret, which Ward expected to be fifth-rate, turned out to be an excellent show, and he realized that he ought to record it. "By that time, all of us had drunk brimming glasses of cognac and vodka in honour of various generals and war leaders, and my concentration was extremely poor."

In addition, his recording van was outside the castle where the celebrations were being held. Ward, working frantically against time, tied a piece of string to a champagne bottle and tossed it from a second-floor window to his engineer in charge of the van. He then drew up a microphone and cable with the string and, rushing back to the cabaret, made a successful recording of almost the whole show. THE END

Girl of the mountains

by ***DAVID ESDAILE***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

She would marry him—but for Johannes. So there was only one thing for it. Johannes would have to die . . .

RUDI ROLLINGER handled the heavy rifle with loving care. What tickled his fancy was that he had no intention of aiming it at the man he planned to murder. No bullet, nor any trace of a bullet, would be found in or near the body. This was important, because the corpse would almost certainly be discovered, if not immediately, then when winter yielded to spring. Already it was early February.

Rudi was an individualist, taciturn, immensely strong, simple as well as cunning, and with a mind as inflexible as the leathery features with which the storms and gales of the Vorarlberg had endowed him.

Life in the Great Walsertal mountains of West Austria had always been simple—over-simple by city standards—and if murder had to be done, there was no reason to make it complex.

His mother, like an old crab-apple dressed in black, sat hunched by the stove in the corner of the *Stube*, the big living-room off the kitchen, watching him. He had explained to her that he was going out to shoot a stag for the pot. During and after the great avalanches of January there had been a considerable sharing of food, for most of the mountain villages up the Walsertal had been cut off for weeks.

Cattle lay buried in their byres beneath the avalanches, and the long black hooks from the rafters that should have still carried smoked meat were now bare. But the rough weather had brought the stags down, and in the soft snow—provided the wind was right—they were not difficult to stalk. That had given him the idea. He felt in such excellent spirits now that he was tempted to try the stag story on the girl, Leni, only five cottages away.

On second thoughts he rejected the idea. For one thing, it would be foolish to draw too much attention to his hunting trip, and for another, her parents would be there: and her parents, inexplicably, disliked him. Leni also affected to dislike him, but that was a matter that could be disposed of after the death of Johannes.

The cream of the joke was that Johannes, earlier that Sunday, had been persuaded to co-operate in his own murder. Rudi had explained to Johannes that he wanted to get a stag, and a hind as well if possible. If Johannes would go ahead to a point beneath the Kloetzle peak and drive the beasts through the big patch of conifers into the gun, they could run the meat down the hill on the luges.

The two men hated each other, because of Leni, but when food ran short in these villages it was customary to sink personal differences. Even so, the fair-haired Johannes looked up with some suspicion. "Why do you wish to go with me?" he asked.

"You understand the mountains."

Johannes considered. "This will require careful timing."

"Exactly! You start off at three in the afternoon by the church clock and I shall follow fifteen minutes later, towards the trees. If the wind does not change, this should be a perfect day. I might kill two of them and all the meat will be shared. *Gell?*"

"Agreed," Johannes said, turning on his heel and adding with some reluctance: *"Grüss Gott!"*

"God's Greeting!" Rudi echoed, with boisterous good humour. Even this was funny, for God would be greeting Johannes sooner than the latter expected.

Neither of them had mentioned Leni's name. Neither of them ever did in talk with one another. It had been plain for months to the whole village that of the two she preferred the dreamy Johannes, but in a hard and simple world where people had to be practical it was also obvious that Rudi would have more to offer her: more cattle, a better house, far greater chances of success.

And girls, these days, in the Great Walsertal were scarce. Even Leni, small, dark, strongly proportioned, whose full lips were set off against pitch-black hair, had begun to talk of finding work at Thüringen. When spring came and the roads were open, she might go at any time.

THIS possibility had sharpened and increased the hatred of the two men for each other. It had become all too clear now that time was short, desperately short. Now or never a decision had to be arrived at.

As the men parted, they heard through the silence the faraway notes of the *Lawinenwarndienst*—the Avalanche Warning Service—from one of the bigger places down the valley. But these had become common, and since avalanches come every year to the Walsertal no man was afraid of them. They had their own names for the regular ones, like the Kloetzlilahn from Kloetzle peak, and they regarded them as part of their six-months winter.

In days past, most of the nearby villages had stopped ringing their church bells for fear of disturbing the snow.

At 3.10 by the clock on the kitchen wall, Rudi said goodbye to his mother, brushed the snow off his skis leaning against the wooden-eaved cottage, and set off, his rifle slung across his shoulder. Normally he would have gone a little to the right, but this time he

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The priest faced

the crowd outside the vestry. His eyes swept over them. "Who fired those shots?" he demanded. "It was madness to shoot today!"

Showman Woolley makes sensation pay

by JOHN SANDILANDS

"People like to see suffering," he says. So pianists play non-stop for days, and girls are bottled up with snakes. Now he plans a baby-minding marathon for fathers

IN A PLUSH OFFICE in Great Moor Street, Bolton, showman Bernard Woolley was going through his morning mail recently, when his secretary ushered in a wild-eyed man who had phoned the previous day for an appointment. Woolley offered him a chair and listened patiently while the man explained that he wanted to be put on show in a cage, wearing chains and a leopard-skin cloth and being fed on raw meat.

When he had finished, Woolley shook his head. At once the man's eyes grew even wilder and, picking up a heavy paperweight, he began to advance round the desk. Undisturbed, Woolley reached for the pistol he keeps in his top right-hand drawer. Pointing it at his visitor he told him: "This is loaded. If you don't get out of here at once I won't hesitate to use it."

The man left hurriedly without another word and Woolley lit a cigarette—with the pistol, a novelty cigarette lighter. His secretary, who had come in to discover the reason for the disturbance, found him smiling broadly. It was the sort of incident that makes the day for Woolley, a thirty-nine year old variety agent whose business is discovering freaks and oddities and putting them on show to the public.

Agrees With His Critics

In the three years since he promoted a highly successful attempt on the world's non-stop piano-playing record in Bolton, his office has become a Mecca for exhibitionists of every kind.

Each day brings a flood of letters and visits from men and women who want to attempt the world's record for non-stop talking, piano-playing, singing, dancing, or going without food. Woolley, however, is highly selective in his choice of subjects for a show. He demands that performers must do something active—and continue doing it longer than anyone else has ever done it before.

Each promotion makes him a target for criticism. Newspapers have attacked him for encouraging performers to risk their health, for presenting degrading spectacles to the public, for catering for sensation seekers and unhealthy minds. He blandly agrees they may be right.

In appearance and manner he is everybody's idea of a successful showman. He is large, pink-cheeked, with American rimless glasses and a preference for wide-brimmed trilbies. His gestures are sweeping, and in conversation he usually stands several feet away and addresses a listener like a large audience. Tricks and novelties appear from his pockets at every opportunity.

For good service by waiters or hotel staff he presents large badges with the inscription, "Presented for efficiency, good service and good manners by Bernard M. Woolley." Poor service produces a correspondingly less impressive badge with a far less flattering inscription.

On a business trip to Copenhagen, Woolley presented an efficiency badge to a bemedalled commissionaire who proved helpful. Returning to the hotel a few days later he was delighted to see the badge proudly displayed alongside the man's array of campaign medals.

Woolley's schoolboy enthusiasm for a crazy situation makes him an interesting, if uncomfortable, travelling companion.

On train journeys in England he often poses as a foreigner and ties porters in knots by asking in pidgin English if he is on the right train. When they have exhausted their explanations, he waits until the train pulls out and in his broadest Lancashire calls from the window, "Do they sell Woodbines at the next station?"

For anyone near Woolley, life often tends to become unexpectedly hectic. When he signed "Syncopating" Sandy Strickland for a piano-playing marathon, he rolled up to Sandy's house in narrow Harvey Street, Bolton, early the next day, in a huge black car.

"He took one look at my best furniture in the front room and told me: 'You'll have to get rid of that lot, you'll be having a lot of visitors soon,'" Strickland recalls. He found himself paying out £200 of his savings to have new furniture installed and the room redecorated. "When Mr. Woolley turns on the high pressure, he's irresistible."

Woolley is no sentimentalist. When Strickland was nearing collapse after 120 hours non-stop playing, he could still find the energy to talk to the crowd filing past. "Mr. Woolley told me to play it down," he remembers. "He told me to bear in mind that I was exhausted and in agony."

He is often matter of fact about his customers and announces unconcernedly: "People like to see suffering. Marathons of any kind only draw the crowds in the last couple of days. Everybody who comes in hopes to be the lucky one who sees the final collapse."

Another marathon pianist promoted by Woolley, "Melody" Miles Fox, died two weeks after completing 120 hours non-stop at Scarborough. "He was passed fit by a doctor before he began," Woolley says. "And nobody forced him to take the job on." All his performers sign a declaration taking full responsibility.

Pianist Hurled A Teapot

He issues frequent bulletins about the performer's state of health—pointing out swollen ankles and wrists, shortness of breath, colour-blindness and the many other afflictions of marathon attempts.

Towards the end of a marathon he announces dramatically: "A doctor has been called and an ambulance is standing by." Although these are routine precautions, under the circumstances they sound highly effective.

Woolley has had to learn to treat performers in the last stages of exhaustion and sleeplessness with a great deal of diplomacy. In the last hours of a Sandy Strickland marathon at Plymouth he brought Strickland a pot of tea and, with a word of encouragement, put it down on the piano while he reached for a cup. The next second the teapot shattered against the wall near his head. Strickland had hurled it in a sudden burst of nervous energy. There was an immediate tearful apology which Woolley accepted with smiles and condolences.

When one of his shows is in progress, Woolley puts on an old raincoat and hat and mixes with the crowd in and around the hall, listening for opinions and ideas. Often, he will walk into a nearby café, sit down and say to the nearest patron: "That show's a crying disgrace. It ought to be stopped." Then he sits back and waits for the reaction.

Girl Will Live In Bottle

Once, he tried the gambit on a burly sailor in a public bar in Plymouth, close to where a girl was looking decidedly sickly in a glass case full of poisonous snakes. The sailor looked him straight in the eye and told him: "I'd like to get my hands on the swine that puts these shows on. I'd break his neck." With his beaming smile, Woolley agreed heartily and moved away.

It was during one of these research campaigns that two young men unwittingly gave him the idea for a new stunt—a beautiful girl living for three weeks sealed inside a glass bottle. Woolley seized on the idea and he dreamed up the showman's perfect embellishment—a muscular young man in a leopard skin standing by with a sledge-hammer ready to smash the bottle if something unforeseen occurred.

The bottle, twelve feet high and costing £350, is already being made in a London factory.

Woolley's promotions bring local as well as national criticism. After every marathon he is bombarded with letters from clergymen, residents and, occasionally, anonymous writers who threaten him with death or slow torture if he ever promotes another. "Funnily enough," he says, "the storm rarely breaks until the following week. While the show is in progress people mutter and shake their heads, but they all seem keen to see how it finishes before they make a fuss."

Occasionally, outraged local people demonstrate against a show by shouting or waving placards in the hall where it is going on. "Nobody pays much attention," says Woolley, "and they have to pay their bob to come in."

Even with his experience, Woolley still cannot always foresee a crowd's reaction to a show. When "Musical" Marie Ashton, a marathon pianist, was playing in Dundee, Woolley announced to the crowded hall that she was in need of eggs and brandy to restore her

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

After thirty hours, Musical Marie gets treatment from a nurse. For the last days of her non-stop performance, Woolley (right) called in a doctor

flagging strength. There was an immediate response. Scores of people turned up the next day with both commodities, and at the end of the week crates of eggs were stacked upon the stage. When Woolley mentioned that she was feeling cold, four local householders went out and returned with electric fires.

Woolley's first steps in showmanship were taken when, at the age of five, he put his white mice on show in the back garden of his home in Stoke-on-Trent, at a penny a look. He graduated to conjuring tricks and Houdini-type escape illusions, performed before friends for a fee.

At the age of nineteen, Woolley got his first real experience of attracting the paying public when, looking older than he was, and with his enormous self-confidence already well developed, he managed to get a job as assistant manager at a Luton cinema. He did well and, six months later, became house manager at the Stoll Theatre, Kingsway, then a cinema.

Wearing his first frock-coat, he welcomed King George V to the theatre for a gala show. His reputation as a joker had travelled with him and before the guests arrived, Woolley's boss took him on one side to warn him against any attempt to enliven the occasion with a trick.

Woolley quickly established himself as a bright young man and came under the kindly eye of Sir Oswald Stoll, when he evolved the now-popular slogan "It's cooler inside," during a London heat-wave.

Sir Oswald promoted him to the general managership of the Manchester Hippodrome at a salary of £15 a week.

At the age of twenty-five, he was earning £1,000 a year at the Winter Gardens, Morecambe, but moved from there to become publicity manager of a large cinema chain.

Here his flair for showmanship asserted itself. He had booked the singer John McCormack to appear at the Regal Cinema, Yarmouth, on a Sunday, and on the previous day accompanied him and a party of local dignitaries on a pleasure-boat trip. As they were boarding the boat the gangway collapsed and some of the party, including McCormack, fell into the water. It was Woolley who made national headlines the next day by leaping in to the rescue—making straight for the star of the party.

Shortly afterwards he again made news by rescuing an usherette from a bear. Several cages of animals belonging to a local circus were standing in a car park behind one of his cinemas in Morecambe when the usherette passed by.

A large bear reached through the bars and grabbed her arm. The girl's screams attracted Woolley's attention. He ran out and beat it off with an iron bar, saving the girl's life.

Woolley's future plans include an attack on the American stunt market. In the meantime he is fully occupied, organizing a marathon baby-minding contest for fathers, including nappy-changing and bottle preparing every four hours. Soon he hopes to have a dozen rubber babies to add to his novelty repertoire. THE END

THE NOONDAY SUN

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face to the others in the cabin. "Five isn't many for a crew."

"Well, we're all good," Tio said.

The Estrella was close to Havana Harbour now, but it waited outside; it was too risky to enter the narrow channel in a storm. The blackness turned to grey. Then suddenly wind and rain ceased altogether, and the whole world brightened as magically as if someone had pulled a switch. The storm was over.

Some five hundred yards away the Cuban gunboat was waiting.

"Son of a goat!" Miro said, staring. A look of fear spread over his flat, hard face. "They will confiscate my boat."

They may take our lives, too, Tio thought grimly; but he did not say so.

The gunboat approached them. An officer was standing at the rail, looking at them sardonically. "Stand by," he ordered.

Tio raised his hand in acknowledgment. "I will do the talking," he told Miro.

The dark bulk of the gunboat slid within several feet of the Estrella, slapping the water against the schooner's sides.

"Where have you been and where do you go?" the officer inquired in an off-hand way.

"We have been out five days fishing. We return to Havana."

"You have filled your schooner with fish in five days!" the officer exclaimed, as if in pleased surprise. "You are good fishermen!"

Two more officers and half a dozen sailors were now lining the rail, and they grinned appreciatively.

"No," Tio replied. "This time we fish only for pleasure. The American here hired the boat for that purpose." He waved his hand—with an inward prayer—at Charles Ballard, who was leaning back against the cabin with his arms folded, an interested observer. How much he understood, Tio did not know; but he would have to take a chance, for if the officer poked into the ice-tank they were lost.

"He hired a whole schooner?" the officer inquired, astounded.

"Yes." Tio shrugged his shoulders, as if to say: Americans are like that. "He is from the American Embassy," he added.

He had worked up to this gradually, clearing the scene for it; and the effect was all that he desired. The smiles along the rail vanished; the officer's look of anticipatory pleasure changed to one of stern correctness. The incarnate presence of the American Embassy threw an aura of diplomatic immunity over everything.

"Permit me to make the introduction," Tio said. "This is the Honourable Mr. Ballard, the American Ambassador."

Charles Ballard straightened and bowed. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Captain," he said. "I'm not the ambassador—merely a secretary of the embassy."

"It is an honour, Señor Secretario," the captain answered. He said curtly to Tio: "Go ahead," saluted and walked away.

IN no time, Miro had the Estrella under way again. Tio was aware of Charles Ballard watching him with a quizzical expression.

"Of course, I didn't rent this schooner for fishing," Ballard remarked.

"Of course not."

"And I wouldn't have used my diplomatic position to keep them off, anyway, under the circumstances."

"No, I'm sure you wouldn't."

"What do you really have underneath that ice?"

Tio looked at him. The American's grey eyes were impressively commanding, despite his youth.

"Guns," Tio answered.

The American nodded. "To be used against the government?"

"Yes. Personally, I am neither for one side nor the other. I merely take charge of the shipment."

"I understand. Well, you wouldn't have been caught if you had not stopped for us. So I'm not going to mention it to anyone."

"Thank you, señor."

"But I'm interested in the general question. Perhaps we could meet again some time just to discuss the affairs of the world."

"It would be a pleasure."

"We could have coffee some evening, or something stronger—at a café. Where do you recommend?"

Tio saw in the question an opportunity to please Amelia with a new and socially desirable customer. "The Café Mosca is good," he suggested. "On Lamparilla Street."

"All right. How about Wednesday, around eight?"

"Very good, Señor Secretario."

CHARLES BALLARD parked his car on the upper Prado and walked to the narrow street where the Café Mosca was situated. It was dinner time, and there were not many people in this part of the old city, but the café was nearly full.

Amelia recognized him at once—Tio had stopped at the bar on the way in and had remarked casually that "the American Ambassador" was coming to see him. She had been properly impressed. The newcomer looked just as she had hoped he would look—lean, distinguished, in a smart double-breasted grey suit and Panama hat.

"Are you looking for Tio Martinez?" she asked.

"Yes, señora."

"He is there—at the table in the corner."

"Thank you," Ballard said. He gave her a smile and moved across to Tio's table. Tio greeted him affably and they chatted of various subjects until Charles could direct the conversation casually to the one that he was interested in; part of his job was to cultivate the friendship of the younger Cubans, and to keep his ambassador informed about the political undercurrents of the country.

"Everyone is talking about revolution in Havana," he remarked. "One hears a lot of criticism of the government."

"That is natural," Tio replied. "Personally, I have never found a government I liked."

"Do you think a revolution might really take place?"

Tio raised his eyes and subjected Charles Ballard to a glance of such penetration that the American was disconcerted.

"Why do you ask me?"

"Frankly, we're interested in it at the embassy—because if we could help bring the two sides to an agreement, we'd like to do so."

"Ah! Well, I'll tell you señor. No revolution will happen at this period. This is October, and in December the tourists will be here with money to spend. Then in February the *zafra* begins—the cutting of the sugar cane. A hundred thousand men go to work in the fields with their machetes, and the sugar mills grind.

"The travelling salesmen go out from the cities to the villages, and the people come in from their *bohios* to buy a pot for the fire and kerosene for the lamp and a toy for the child. They eat meat and rice again, instead of potatoes and bananas. As long as they do that, they do not revolt. But then the sugar mills stop—May or June—and there is no work, and the lamp goes out, and there is only *yucca* to eat, and the children's bellies puff up. The dead season grips the land. If there is a revolution, it will be then."

This was sensible information, and Charles Ballard made a mental note of it. "But in the meantime there seems to be a lot of indiscriminate killing on both sides," he said. "I don't see why the Opposition leaders encourage it."

"If you ask me, it's because they have neither the sense nor the patience to wait. But don't ask me—" Tio nodded at two men who had just entered and were standing at the bar—Roberto Mendin and his older companion. "Ask them. They are both in the ABC."

"I'd like to talk to them."

The young student saw Tio and smiled, and Tio beckoned to him. The older man turned, also, but gave no sign of recognition. Roberto left his companion and came to the table. He needed no prodding to start telling the embassy official about his cause, but he was interrupted by loud voices on the pavement outside, where three men were standing.

Two of them, a Negro and a white, were arguing in a drunken way; the third, powerfully built, with a square, authoritative face, was listening with a sardonic expression. As the other two began to roll their shoulders, he stepped between and pushed them towards the bar. They jostled Roberto's companion and knocked over his glass. The man remonstrated angrily and shoved one of them away.

The café was suddenly silent, with a silence that was more than a mere distraction caused by a row. At the table next to Tio, Yoyo Marino, the pickpocket, rose quickly and brushed by them towards the kitchen murmuring "*La Porra.*" Several men near the front of the café had already vanished into the street.

THE Porra had only been operating a short time. It was a hoodlum organization used by the government as a counter-measure to the Opposition's terroristic activities. Its function was to break up meetings, beat up suspects and kill those who were really difficult. Charles Ballard had heard of it, and now he had a chance to witness its methods at first hand—not an altogether agreeable prospect. He watched intently, but things happened so fast that it was hard to distinguish the sequence of events.

Roberto's companion, slapping down a blow from the man he had pushed away, suddenly comprehended the situation, and fear spread over his face like a chalk mask; he began to back towards the café front, glancing from one thug to the other and making panic gestures of defence.

Roberto Mendin jumped to his feet and started forward, but Tio caught his ankle and brought him to the floor. Amelia was telephoning for the police. On the pavement the three thugs surrounded their victim in a struggling, cursing knot. The authoritative one stepped back a foot, drew his hand from his coat and moved it forward. There was a scream of agony, and the knot broke open, and the three thugs scattered, and Roberto's companion fell dead with a knife in his heart.

"So you see how it's done," Tio remarked to Ballard.

Roberto Mendin was kneeling by the body, the tears running down his face. He ran his hands through the pockets, taking some papers. Two policemen entered. One of them examined the body while the other sent for an ambulance. A crowd was gathering in the street outside.

"Would you like a description of the murderers?" Tio inquired politely.

ALL the regular customers of the café had gone; there was not one of them that did not have a police record. Tio had one, too, and normally he would have departed with the rest. He wasn't exactly sure why he hadn't. Surely he was not a man to consider the approval or disapproval in a woman's dark eyes? Yet he stayed.

"We'll take you all to the station," the policeman said. "You can describe them there."

At that moment, Lieutenant Raoul Molina, of the Secret Police, entered. He glanced briefly at the body. He already knew what had happened: the departing thugs had passed him on the street—in no hurry—and their leader, the square-faced man, had waved to him. It was Arsenio, a former army officer and now a deputy chief of the Porra. As a police officer really interested in his profession, Lieutenant Molina did not like Arsenio and did not approve of the Porra—their methods were clumsy and unnecessarily brutal—but as a police officer interested in his profession, the lieutenant kept his mouth shut.

"I regret the disturbance, señora," he said politely to Amelia. "We shall bother you as little as possible: if you care to make a statement to me, that is all that will be necessary. But first let me check the others here." He turned to Tio, taking out a notebook. "You are Tio Martinez, I know."

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"But I don't know your business," Molina continued with a trace of sarcasm.

"I am a writer."

The lieutenant's pencil, poised above his notebook, jerked: he had expected

"I can't see ours"

almost any pretended occupation but this one. "What do you write?" he inquired with feigned interest.

"Fiction," Tio said. "Stories of police adventure."

Molina hesitated, and decided to let it pass. "Let me know when you have one published."

"Thank you, Lieutenant."

"And you," Molina said, turning to the student, "are Roberto Mendin?"

"Yes."

"You are very lucky. Do you realize that? Learn your lesson and stay home. Go on. Get out."

Roberto went.

Lieutenant Molina turned to Ballard. "And you I do not know, señor."

"My name is Charles Ballard. I am an American. I merely came here for supper, for the first time."

"With whom?"

"With Mr. Martinez."

"Indeed! What is your business in Cuba?"

"I am with the American Embassy."

"Ah, so!" The lieutenant's eyebrows rose, and he made his notebook comment with increased vigour; but he asked no further question. "You may go," he said to Ballard and Tio.

From the smug look on Molina's face, Tio deduced that the officer was looking forward to an interview with Amelia alone.

OUTSIDE there was still a crowd. Across the street a group of young men was conversing in low tones, looking dark and angry.

"In a day or two they will even the score," Tio commented.

"It is all very bad," Charles said.

He was shaken by what he had seen, and since they had reached the Prado, he proposed that they sit on a stone bench and smoke a cigarette.

It was nearly 10 p.m. and the tiled, tree-shaded walk down the centre of the boulevard was thronged with people, out for the nightly promenade. All members of the household participated: whole families graded to size, the father slightly in the lead, rotund, dignified; the mother, plump and cheerful, chatting with the eligible daughter, attempting to keep the younger ones in line; young Negresses in threes or fours, in bright-red or green or purple skirts and blouses of contrasting colours, with elaborate hair-dos and showy ear-rings and bracelets; young men, carefully casual, raising their voices as they passed the girls.

"It's quite a show," Charles said. "And so peaceful. It seems a long way from the killing we've just seen."

"It isn't so far," Tio replied. "The distance between life and death can be short in Cuba."

"It is hard to believe that there should be so much violence in this sunny and smiling land."

"Cuba is like the heat of the noonday sun," Tio replied. "At one time, warm and friendly to the shoulder and good for growing things; at another, savage and hot. Well, I must be going home, señor. I hope we meet again."

"Yes. Let's meet again. And I would like to talk to that boy Roberto Mendin. If you see him, will you ask him to telephone me at the embassy?"

"I'll be happy to do so."

When Charles Ballard reached his apartment, Chong—his Chinese houseboy—had gone to bed, but there was a note on the hall table, saying: "Plees—call Emb. Lady."

The "Emb. Lady" was Mrs. Murrey, the ambassador's wife. The message was underlined several times to indicate that it was important. It was nearly eleven o'clock, a little late for a telephone call, but in view of the indicated urgency, Charles telephoned. The major-domo answered.

"Yes, Mr. Ballard," he said. "Mrs. Murrey wished me to tell you that she is having a small dinner here for the captain of the American cruiser tomorrow night, and she would like you to come."

An embassy invitation was a command. Charles accepted.

"I think the ambassadress would like to speak to you about something else, sir. If you will hold the line," the major-domo said.

There was a wait of two or three minutes, and Mrs. Murrey's high-spirited voice sounded over the wire. "Charles! I'm so glad you called. You're coming to dinner, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, with pleasure."

"Good. I'll need your help afterwards. We are entertaining the ward-room officers. Mrs. de Cuevas—she's the *grande dame* here, you know—is getting me fifteen Cuban débutantes, and I have six American girls. We're going to have a dance here, and they're all coming after dinner. I want you to introduce the boys around and get them started and not let them drink too much or concentrate on a couple of the girls with the most appeal. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know," Charles said.

"Well, you always do things nicely, Charles, so I feel relieved, and I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes, thank you," Charles said.

The dinner at the embassy residence the next night was for twenty people. At nine thirty, just as they were leaving the table, the naval officers arrived in a body and on the dot, looking trim and handsome in their gold and white uniforms; then the girls fluttered in, three or four at a time, all very pretty, with that dark glowing quality so characteristic of the Cuban señorita. They gathered on the marble terrace.

Charles Ballard introduced the officers to their partners for the first round, after which they could shift for themselves; there was one girl he had passed by, because she had drawn aside to speak to la Señora de Cuevas: she had a slender and graceful figure and was wearing a dress of amber-coloured silk with a pearl necklace.

HOVERING at his elbow, Charles had a young lieutenant, ready to move at the first opportunity. The conversation halted, and Charles came forward. The girl lifted towards him a face of remarkable beauty, warm-coloured, classic in design, with a straight nose, dark eyes with remarkably long black eyelashes and lustrous dark hair. His heart seemed to give an extra beat, and he was unable to recall the name of the man he was introducing.

"Señorita, may I present one of our naval officers," he said desperately.

"I am Gloria Calvo," she declared promptly, extending her hand.

"My name is John Sedgewick," the lieutenant replied, admiration already in his voice.

Charles bowed to her, and she smiled in acknowledgment, and went off with her partner.

One did not cut in at the embassy dances while the music was playing, and, besides, this party was for the naval officers, but during an interval he strolled casually—yet just fast enough to keep ahead of two officers—to where Gloria was standing with her last partner.

"Would you try dancing with a civilian?" he inquired.

"Yes, of course."

"I never had a chance to introduce myself. My name is Charles Ballard."

"Yes. You're with the embassy, I know."

She spoke English with a faint accent and in a clear musical voice, and there was a sweetness about her mouth that was charming. The four-piece orchestra played a *danzón*, a slow dance with a peculiar half-beat which Charles was just beginning to understand. They moved out to the dance floor.

He learned that she was staying in Havana with an aunt: her home was in Trinidad on the southern coast of Cuba, about two hundred miles away. A spur of the railway connected with it, but the road was impassable to automobiles. It was one of the oldest towns in Cuba.

"I've been told it's interesting and picturesque," Charles said.

"Well, I don't know," she replied earnestly. "It's shabby now, and very poor. It lives only in the past; it has nothing but memories."

He glanced at her, gay, young and lovely. "That can't be true while you're there," he said. "But perhaps you don't live there much of the time."

"All but one week of the year."

He shook his head. "It doesn't seem to fit."

She laughed. "Shall I tell you something?"

They were at a point in the *danzón* when the music signals for the dancers to stop and rest a moment, even though the music itself continues. They were standing apart, so he was able to look at her more completely—the amber dress, the pearls against the pink-gold skin, the dark, fringed eyes, the proud carriage of the head. He felt himself shaken as by some miraculous vision; but he managed to say, hearing his voice as if from someone else: "Yes, please tell me."

BUT she was gazing at him, too, with a wondering, half-frightened look. "Well, I—I won't after all, if you will excuse me," she said. "I don't know what made me say that. It's nothing of any importance. It's just about me."

"All right," he said. "That's all right—" he wanted to add idiotically, "darling." Then the dance ended and a lieutenant-commander claimed her.

In his next dance with Gloria, Charles stayed purposely on the far side of the dance floor, away from the house. Behind them was the embassy's formal garden, with its carefully balanced flower plots, clumps of shrubbery and palms; only occasional lamps illumined its fragrant darkness.

"You must be tired, after dancing every dance," he said.

"A little. But it's been fun."

"I thought perhaps we could find a garden bench and sit down."

"Oh!" She looked at him roguishly. "I missed my cue, didn't I? Yes, let's do that."

They walked down the path and sat on a marble bench Behind them were two bushes with white trumpet blossoms that gave a thin-sweet perfume.

"*Galan-de-noche*," Gloria said. "'Gallant of the night'—because it loses its perfume at dawn."

"Like Cinderella."

"Well, in a way. But the Cinderella story really applies to me. That's what I was going to tell you. And I think maybe you should know."

"I wish you would tell me."

"I will tell you in Spanish because it's easier. And you speak Spanish, I know. We were talking about Trinidad being so poor and having nothing but memories, and you said that couldn't be true, with me there. But the fact is I live alone with my father, and we are

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MR. HOLLY and his wife were spending Christmas at a hotel in the country. On the wall of their comfortable room they found the customary notice: "The proprietors will not be responsible for articles lost or stolen on the premises unless they have been given to the manager for safe custody."

After lunch on Christmas Eve, the Hollys locked their room, hung the key on the rack in the reception office and went for a walk. They returned at tea-time to find their key missing from the rack.

The porter opened their room for them, and it was found that a thief had ransacked their luggage. About £100 worth of personal belongings and Christmas gifts for friends had been stolen. The key of the room, which had been taken from the office in the absence of the receptionist, was never recovered.

Mr. Holly sued the hotel proprietors, claiming that they had been negligent—partly in having the key rack in such an accessible position. "They should also have kept a closer watch in the building, to prevent strangers from walking round the hotel," added Mr. Holly in court. "The proprietors are clearly liable for the loss I have sustained."

The proprietors defended on two grounds: "We cannot guarantee to outwit every thief who may enter the hotel," they said. "Most hotels have the key rack in the reception office. But the most important thing is the notice that was in the Hollys' room. It stated clearly that we had no liability unless the stolen articles had been handed into our safe keeping. As far as Holly is concerned, that point is unanswerable."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

very poor. I hardly ever go to parties. The pearl necklace belongs to my aunt, and the dress belongs to my cousin; and when the night's ended I'll step into the pumpkin coach and go back to Trinidad."

"That's extraordinary," Charles exclaimed. "You're the belle of the ball."

"My great-grandfather had money, but it melted away when Trinidad ceased to be a big sugar and tobacco port. And the family just stayed on, to go down with the town. My mother would have got us away, somehow, but she died when I was seven. My father sold his last piece of tobacco land to send me to boarding school in your country for two years. Now we have just enough for food."

Charles shook his head. "You look as if you'd always been waited on by French maids and surrounded by beautiful things. What do you do in Trinidad?"

"I keep house. I read a lot. And I'm very busy now." She hesitated, as if pondering. "I'm in politics."

"I should think this would be a bad time to be in politics in Cuba."

"That's why I went in. I would like to help change things."

"You mean you don't like the present government?"

"The Dictator?" she said. "I hate him." Her eyes flashed, and she spoke with a passionate indignation that made her, if possible, more beautiful than before; but she recovered almost immediately and said, calmly: "The music has stopped. We should go back." She rose as lightly as a leaf is blown, and smoothed the amber silk skirt.

"Will you let me see you again?"

SHE smiled at him with great sweetness. "I'd love to see you. But Trinidad is a long way to come to call."

"I'll come."

"I won't be able to go out with you alone, you know. My father is of the old school. You'll have to have tea with us both."

He did not answer right away, and she glanced at him. He was looking over her shoulder, with a taut expression; but he came back to her quickly, saying: "That's all right. Shall I telephone you before I come?"

"We don't have a telephone. But I'm always there."

"I'll come next Saturday."

"That would be very nice."

He took her back to the dance floor and signalled with his head to one of the officers, who came with pleasure and invited her to dance. Charles Ballard turned back down the path: he had distinctly seen a man move in the bushes behind the stone bench. But there was no one there now.

The garden occupied a couple of acres and was full of dark places; it seemed a wise precaution to get a companion with a flashlight before searching it. He returned to speak to the naval attaché, Larry Morehouse.

"I saw a man hiding in that garden," he said.

"Uh-huh," Larry replied. "Don't you know you're not supposed to be wandering out there with pretty Cuban girls?"

"O.K. She was tired——"

"Yeh, yeh. I only hope it wasn't her father."

"I thought I'd get a flashlight and maybe we could take a look."

"I guess it's all right, Carlos. The police told the amb. that they would station a detective in the garden."

"Oh, I didn't know that." Charles turned away, feeling foolish. The party was breaking up, and he didn't have a chance to speak to her again: he only glimpsed the erect dark head departing with several girls and the lady who had chaperoned them.

* * *

Lieutenant Raoul Molina was an able police officer who had learned his job from the ground up—starting as a uniformed man in the National Police pounding a beat. He was a strong believer in law and order, and was not disturbed by the frequent suppression of civil rights through the declaration of martial law; these were political matters outside his jurisdiction. But the creation of the secret revolutionary group known as the ABC was a real challenge to him, and he was determined to destroy it.

On the night of the murder of Roberto Mendin's friend he had been extremely interested to note the presence, with Roberto, of Tio Martinez and a secretary of the American Embassy. He had given the matter a deal of thought. The ABC wanted guns; Tio was a smuggler. Guns came from the United States; Ballard was a young American diplomat, apt to be sympathetic to freedom's causes. It was quite possible there was an arrangement there: perhaps unknown to the ambassador (although Molina never gave anyone the benefit of a doubt).

He had welcomed the opportunity to station himself in the embassy garden, to see what he could see, and the conversation between Charles Ballard and Gloria Calvo had offered an interesting item of information. He had recognized Ballard, and the girl he later identified from the list of embassy guests.

If he was right in his hunch about her, it would certainly earn him a captaincy. . . .

THE day following the embassy party was Sunday. Molina rose late and, after his noonday dinner, went down to the docks to see a Customs inspector named Arturo Jimenes—a fat, greasy man with crafty eyes who knew how to supplement a meagre government salary by doing favours for various exporters and importers. The two men sat in Arturo's office overlooking the harbour, drinking coffee. Molina inquired about Tio Martinez.

"Ah," murmured Arturo, "there is something doing there!" He did not have much information, but he would like to get Tio into trouble, since the latter had consistently refused to recognize Arturo's desire for a higher standard of living.

"Running rum as usual, I imagine," Molina observed.

"No, I think not. Something quite different—of course, we have no proof of anything."

"No, I suppose not."

Arturo took a sip of coffee and glanced out of the window to the sunlit water. "He took a fishing schooner out several days ago. I heard it from the captain of the Customs patrol."

"What for?"

"I don't know. The patrol did not search the boat because Tio had with him a secretary of the American Embassy."

Trained in impassivity, Molina managed to suppress any sign of his surprise and interest except for a twitch of one eyelid.

"How long were they out?" he asked.

"Several days. We haven't really looked into it. I ask myself the question: Why would the American Ambassador wish to spend several days on a fishing schooner?" Arturo continued, instinctively raising the rank of the passenger. "And I have no answer."

"Well, it's puzzling," Molina remarked, rising.

"In all these matters one can only try to do one's duty," Arturo observed piously.

* * *

Charles Ballard looked forward to the coming weekend with an excitement which he had not felt since his college days, when he and his comrades waited nervously for their girls coming down for the club house parties. He decided to leave on Friday afternoon and drive in his own car as far as Santa Clara—about five hours—where there was a good hotel. He would spend the night there and catch the morning train into Trinidad—another two hours.

He knew the ambassador was leaving the embassy offices early that Friday to shoot pigeon in the vast swamp known as the Cienaga de Zapata. He kept his office door open so he could note the ambassador's departure. The ambassador left at two o'clock, and he had no sooner entered the big black embassy limousine than Charles called on the counsellor of embassy, second in rank, to ask if he could be excused.

"I'm cleared up for the week," he explained. "And I'd rather like to get to Santa Clara before dark."

The counsellor smiled benevolently. "All right, Charles, go ahead," he said. "I hope you have a good time. And I'd like to know about Trinidad when you get back. If it's really as interesting as people say it is."

"I'll try to get over there," Charles said.

He went outside to his small light-blue coupé. The Avenida de Las Misiónes was washed clean with sunlight and the green palms of the trees in the esplanade seemed to have been freshly polished.

Charles lowered the top of the car, tossed his hat to the floor in the back, and got in. He felt happy and free; the only thing he wanted was Gloria beside him, and that was what he was going to get. He turned into the avenue that led along the waterfront. A small black car that had been waiting on the other side of the plaza with two men in it followed him.

He drove into Santa Clara about seven o'clock. The hotel was one storey high, with outside walls of pale-blue plaster. The hall was paved in marble, with mahogany woodwork. The dining-room was on the right, in shades of beige and pink, with snow-white tablecloths on yellow wooden tables. Beyond was an open patio for refreshments, with glass-topped iron tables, and beyond that was another patio, even larger, with the bedrooms around it. In the centre of this second patio a bougainvillaea vine was trained on wires to form a spreading shelter.

Charles was charmed, and expressed his appreciation to the friendly middle-aged woman at the desk. The place was in keeping with his romantic mood. He had a bottle of Spanish red wine—Marqués de Riscal—with his dinner, and lifted his glass in a silent salute to Gloria.

HE rose at six o'clock the next day to drive thirty miles to the railway station at Cumbre for the morning train to Trinidad. He left his car at a service station near the railway depot. Another car with two men in it drove up; one man got out, spoke to the stationmaster and used the telephone; then the car drove away again.

The train ran through rolling country, cut by many small rivers and streams and dotted with hills. Fields of sugar-cane lined the route, interspersed with the rich black soil of the tobacco and coffee plantations.

From the Trinidad railway station—a huge structure that had once been a military barracks—Charles could see the town a mile away across the dusty parade ground—a great sun-baked cluster of one-storey houses with red-tile roofs clinging to the lower slope of a hill. There was an ancient and battered touring-car taxi at the kerb.

"Ah, yes," the driver said, when Charles gave the Calvo name. "The Palacio Calvo." He muttered to himself for a couple of minutes, but in too low a voice for Charles to hear. "Palacio," however, sounded special.

The car bounced recklessly among the pot-holes of the road, but proceeded more cautiously on the narrow cobble-stoned streets of the town proper, where the holes were worse.

The car came into a small park, with four little squares of shrubbery, commanded by several royal palms. At one corner was the Palacio Calvo—a square mansion of two storeys, a faded blue in colour, with a lace-like iron balcony across the front, above long grilled windows and an arched doorway.

Charles got out, took a deep breath and stood still on the uneven pavement, glancing at the charming park and the weather-worn mansion. Then he knocked, and she opened the door.

"Well, 'allo," she said, giving the English word a funny, throaty accent because she was nervous. "So you really came!"

"Of course. You knew I'd come."

"Yes, I did think so." She was wearing a pink checked cotton dress which made her look younger than in the evening dress he had seen her in before; and she was even more beautiful than he remembered. "Come in."

To be continued next week

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 27, the judge said that the combination of an easily accessible key rack and an insufficient watch being kept on the reception office and other parts of the hotel, proved that the proprietors had been negligent. As for the notice, this did not bind Holly because he did not see it until after he had booked into the hotel; after a contract has been made, conditions cannot be added by one party. Holly won his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

on giving him socks

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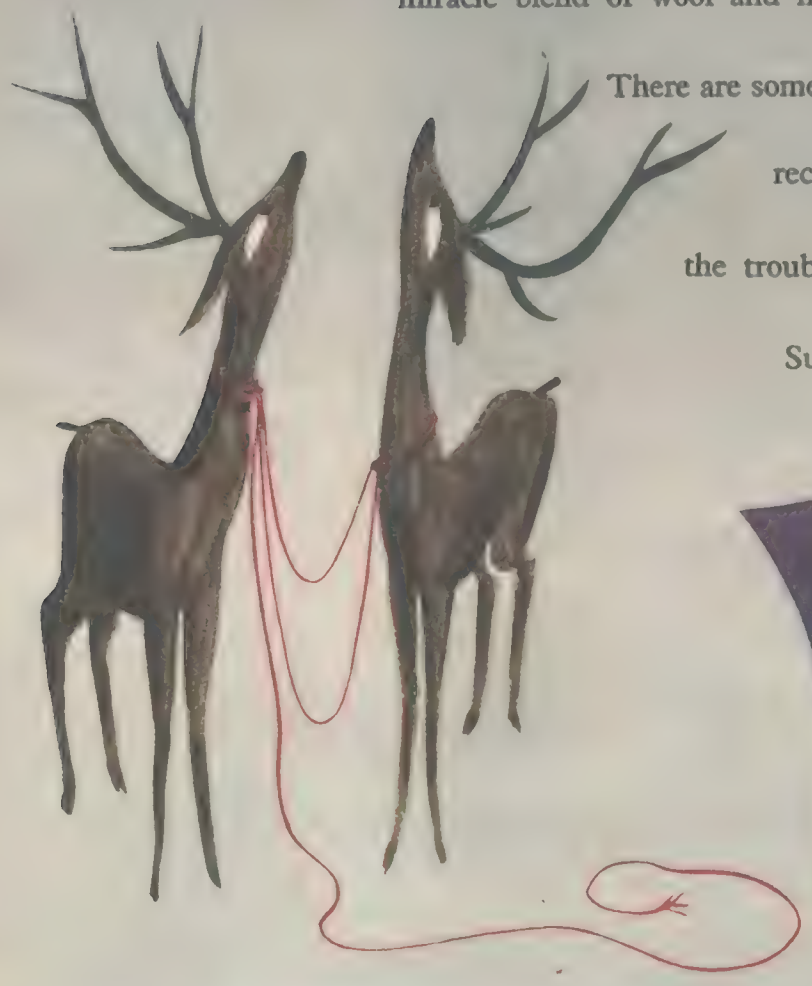

Wolsey Grip-tops (PATENTED)

7/9

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"Two o'clock—your turn to stay awake"

BRACEGIRDLE'S CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 15

side of the house." She got up and went with him to the door. " I do really appreciate this."

" Glad to be of any use I can." He hesitated a moment. " As I *am* off duty, Mrs. Hardwick, would it be impertinent to mention that though Mr. Hardwick isn't due to see Bryan again till January the eleventh, it's Christmas Eve tomorrow?"

There was no expression in that still, beautiful face.

" There was no mention of bank holidays on the order, so far as I remember."

Bracegirdle felt his face go red. " Very well, Mrs. Hardwick, I'll do the best I can."

He slowly tooled the car down the drive, feeling his way with the unfamiliar controls. What agonies of bitterness, he wondered, had racked them before they came to this? She was a woman who could have laughed and played madcap pranks this Christmas as readily as his own pretty wife.

Turning up the Grassingford road, he muttered that old Northern saying he had heard so often and never appreciated so much till he joined the force: *" There's nowt so queer as folk."*

The hills above Farworth were dark and forbidding as he drove towards the valley road. There among the snow, the wind would be bitter tonight.

He could have enjoyed that drive in Rhona Hardwick's big car, but the errand he had undertaken made him uneasy. The legal side worried him. He had already trodden on tender corns and been told, even in minor matters, that a policeman's first duty is to report to his superiors. Perhaps he should have done that before setting out. On the other hand, the boy was technically missing, and darkness was coming on. If he passed the buck, and then heavy snow made the Ghyll Banks road impassable, he would probably be asked why he didn't act on his own initiative instead of wasting precious time.

When he reached the cottage, his first thought was that it looked much better than Rhona Hardwick's scornful description had led him to expect. Certainly it was no crazy, tumbledown hovel. Its garden was trimly fenced-in from the wild moorland, there were a few sheltering trees, and a light already shone behind one of the small-paned windows.

This was the first time he had seen Ralph Hardwick at close quarters. The man who answered his knock seemed pleasant enough, but that pleasantness vanished when Bracegirdle mentioned who and what he was.

" Police!" he said. His deep eyes travelled over Bracegirdle and his stubborn jaw set grimly. " What's wrong? Behind with my alimony or something?"

" I shouldn't imagine so, sir, and if you were, it wouldn't be my job to deal with that. No, sir, it's your boy, Bryan."

" What about my boy?" Hardwick rapped.

" Well, sir, I can't take him back by force, and I'm not sure that I'm entitled to try, but if you take my advice you'll return him to Mrs. Hardwick's custody as soon as possible."

That, he thought, was a firm, civil speech. He had rehearsed it on the way.

Hardwick stared at him. " What the devil are you talking about? You'd better come inside."

Bracegirdle followed him into the room with the light. It came from an oil lamp. The big room was raftered, and a fire of peat and logs burned in an open grate. On the table were a typewriter, a clutter of books, and one other thing that puzzled Bracegirdle greatly. He opened his mouth to speak, but Hardwick cut in sharply.

" Now, let's have it!"

" Your son's missing, sir, and Mrs. Hardwick seems to have good reason to think he's here."

" She does, eh?"

" You were observed in Scholey's, sir, buying toys, and shortly afterwards the boy was seen with you in your car, driving in this direction."

Hardwick said nothing. He stared at Bracegirdle, and it was not a friendly stare. And Bracegirdle's uneasiness grew. He was young and inexperienced, but old enough to realize that there is a deal of wickedness in the world, or policemen wouldn't be necessary. He glanced again at that tell-tale object on the table. A model engineering set, with some of the metal strips bolted together. No doubt that the boy had been here. *But where was he now?*

" You don't deny——" he began.

" He isn't here," Hardwick said, and the three words were like smacks from a flat hand.

Bracegirdle looked pointedly at the

"Of course, anybody but us would have won a *dead* turkey . . ."

What makes the perfect husband?

"Affectionate, even tempered and good about the house," said Joan firmly, "that's the perfect husband!"
"Sounds more like the perfect dog to me!" chuckled Michael.
"Seriously though," put in Mary, "always being *thoughtful* is the essential thing."
"But no man can keep that up for long," chipped in Joan just as Barry, her husband, marched in with a whole tray of wonderful Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate.
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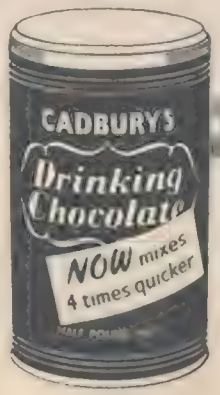

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She knows that the kindest way to clean dentures properly is to steep them every day for 20 minutes in half a tumbler of water which contains Steradent. By blending the actions of alkali and purifying oxygen, Steradent removes film and stains, disinfects the dentures in every crevice, and leaves them so sweet and fresh that the tongue can *feel* how clean they are.

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GIVES YOU GREATER HEAT,
BRIGHTER LIGHT, CLEANER WICK!

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LTD., 36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON. S. W. 1

table. "If you're taking that line, sir. . . ."

But he was talking to air. Hardwick had gone into the hall and was pulling on a heavy coat. "May I ask where you're going, sir?"

"Out!" Hardwick said.

"I think I'd better come with you." All Bracegirdle's suspicions were roused now.

"Please yourself about that." He reached a heavy ash stick from the corner, and Bracegirdle followed him through the kitchen to the back door. They went down the garden towards a gap in the hedge.

"I'm afraid there's going to be trouble if you refuse to answer questions and refuse to say where you're going," Bracegirdle said to Hardwick's back.

"Bryan's my son and where I'm going is my business. Come if you like, go back if you'd rather. I've no time to waste explaining now."

The snow was coming down more heavily, and they went into a grey, swirling world. Plodding after Hardwick, he tried to think things out. They didn't make sense.

Hardwick had brought the boy here, but apparently he wasn't here now. Suppose he'd run away, anxious to get back to his mother? But in that case, why hadn't Hardwick gone after him before this? Why sit calmly at the lamp-lit table and then burst into activity half a minute after Bracegirdle came in?

"In case you don't know your Blackwinter," Hardwick said curtly, "this is a short cut to the Farworth track. We join it half a mile on."

"If you want to get to Farworth, you've a car," Bracegirdle said. "Or there's the car that your wife loaned me."

"My *wife*, did you say? Damn it, man, I don't want to get to Farworth!"

He kept in front, striding so quickly that Bracegirdle had increasing difficulty in keeping up with him. If Bryan had left, there should be tracks—or still-visible depressions, even with a fresh fall covering them. But the moor in front of them was grey and smooth. And he remembered that there had been no tracks around the back door of the cottage.

He didn't know Hardwick. Didn't know what sort of a man he was up against. . . .

But Rhona Hardwick knew him. Well enough to divorce him, to keep her son out of his influence. Had he misjudged Rhona Hardwick? Suppose he had brought the boy and killed him? Hidden him somewhere in the garden? Suppose this was a bluff to lure Bracegirdle on to the open moor and deal with him in the same way? He had a stick, stout enough to be a lethal weapon, and he was a heavy, muscular man—probably Bracegirdle's match even in fair fight.

THEY had turned along the Farworth track now and were making towards the tops. Bracegirdle was wearing thin shoes that slipped back half a pace with every step he took, and soon Hardwick was drawing ahead. The man was walking as if he had the Devil behind him.

They came to a defile between the great gritstone rocks, and now Hardwick had vanished altogether. He might be hiding in a cleft, waiting to spring out. Bracegirdle, snow caked thickly on his coat, shoes sodden, wet through to the thighs, stumbled along, looking right and left, feeling the menace of that high, primeval place as he had never felt it before.

He stopped walking. "Hardwick!" he shouted. "Hardwick, where are you?"

There was no answer. Cautiously he pushed on. A blow over the head, his body pulled between the rocks. Then a quick getaway for Hardwick in one of the cars at the cottage. It might be days before anything was discovered.

Then he saw him.

They had reached the summit. If it had been lighter and clearer, Bracegirdle could have seen Farworth Church three miles away in the hollow. But he was too busy watching Hardwick to think of that. The man was walking round in circles, eyes on the ground. "Come here!" he shouted, beckoning.

Now Bracegirdle saw those depressions, small ones, made by a child or someone with a short stride.

"The old hut in the clough," Hardwick said. "I brought him over this way one day last summer. Told him about being caught up here in a storm when I was a boy and sheltering in the hut."

They hurried towards it, a stone lean-to used by the shepherds at lambing time. Hardwick pushed open the gaping door, and there they found him, huddled in a corner.

His teeth were chattering, but he managed to grin up at them.

"Hallo, Pop!" he said. "I'd have managed it if it hadn't started snowing again. Honest I would!"

Bracegirdle stood by the door, too astonished for any words. It was Hardwick who pulled the boy to his feet. "You've got to *walk*, Bryan," he said. "Doesn't matter how tired you are. You've got to walk till you're warm again, else you're going to have pneumonia."

As they left the hut, he said, with an odd look at Bracegirdle: "You made one mistake. He ran away from his mother, not from me. I guessed he would have started across the moor and the snow had licked him."

He talked all the way back. He talked when they had stripped off the boy's wet clothes and put him in a hot bath. He talked over the beer he poured out for Bracegirdle.

"Too damned proud, both of us," he finished. "If she knew he'd walked out on her she'd never get over it. We've got to concoct some sort of a tale to cover all this. She's got to think I brought him and he cleared out. . . ."

He turned away suddenly. "Has she got the decorations up? She used to be crazy about Christmas."

"I didn't notice any, sir," Bracegirdle said heavily.

Hardwick went on talking, with the feverish haste of a man who hasn't talked much for a long time. They parcelled up Bryan's clothes, and the toys.

"They weren't meant to lure him away," Hardwick said. "I was going to post them on to him."

"It was these," Bracegirdle said, picking up the metal strips, "that made me sure he was here."

"When you've a boy, you'll always unpack things like this and have a go yourself before you hand them over."

"Maybe I will, sir. We haven't any family yet."

They wrapped Bryan in a blanket and his father carried him to the car. As Bracegirdle was starting up, Hardwick said through the window: "I'll never forget this, you know. If you hadn't come, the boy would have been there yet."

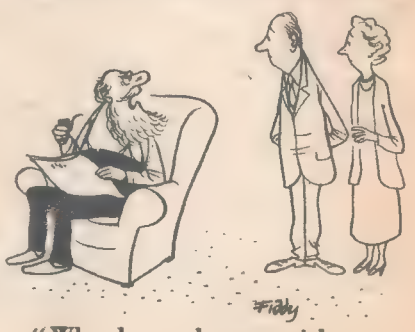
"It's all in the day's march, sir."

"Do me a favour, will you? Wish her a happy Christmas for me."

"I'll do that with pleasure, sir."

It was seven o'clock when he drove Rhona Hardwick's car through the gates of the Old Malt House, and this time, instead of the maid letting him in, Rhona herself was waiting at the door. During those four hours she had lost a lot of her self-possession, and there were harsh lines dragging at the corners of her mouth.

He carried the boy past her and put



"Why do you have to pick on me for the job every year?"

"Messrs. Cartwright, Ponsonby and Fulbright are on the phone"

him on the big sofa in front of the fire.

"There's nothing wrong with him," he said briskly. "He's had something to eat. Cold and tired and frightened, that's all. Feeling fine now, aren't you, son?"

"Yes, sir. I'm all right." The big eyes above the edge of the blanket moved to Rhona. "Hallo, Mummy."

She didn't speak. Bracegirdle turned to go, and she followed him into the hall.

"Thanks," she said. "I won't forget. Some day I may be able to do something for you."

"I'll let you know if I want anything, Mrs. Hardwick."

"But why the blanket? Where are his clothes?"

"Bundled in the car. I'll get them. They'll need drying."

"You mean—he was out. . . ."

"Till the snow got too bad. Then he sheltered in a hut."

"So he ran away from Ralph!" There was triumph in her voice. "That's what I always told him to do—to come back if ever he was taken away. But the danger! A night like this!" Her face was chalk-white. "I might never have seen him again."

"Yes, Mr. Hardwick took him, but he ran away."

He went to the car and brought back the bundle of sodden clothes, and the parcel of toys.

"That's what your former husband wishes you to believe, Mrs. Hardwick."

She stared at him. "Wishes me. . . . What on earth do you mean?"

"That's what he instructed me to tell you. But it isn't true. He forgot that, as a policeman, I can't back him up in a lie. Besides, the boy himself would tell you. You've rammed his father's wickedness down his throat till he's stopped believing it, Mrs. Hardwick. He didn't fancy Christmas with a possessive, spiteful woman who's forgotten what Christmas stands for. He wanted to be with his father."

"How—how dare you!" she said. "Aren't you forgetting yourself?"

"I'm not in uniform, Mrs. Hardwick. His father gave him a ride as far as the crossroads. Bryan wanted to go with him, but he wouldn't take him without your consent. He sent the boy back home. But he didn't come home. He started walking over the moor, determined to get to his father somehow. We found him on this side of the ridge, not over by Ghyll Banks."

Her lips were moving, and she was making futile little gestures with her hands.

"Why—why didn't Mr. Hardwick want me to know the truth?" she asked at last.

"He thought it would hurt your pride to know the boy walked out on you at Christmas. And from what he said, pride's about the only thing you have left."

"Yes," she said. "That's all."

There were tears in her eyes. He went down the steps, and looked from the snow-covered drive.

"Mrs. Hardwick, I'm a policeman, not Santa Claus. But it might be a good idea to drop a line and say you know it isn't visiting day till January the eleventh, but it's Christmas Eve tomorrow, and—well! Good night, Mrs. Hardwick."

He walked slowly home. "You *have* been a long time!" Mrs. Bracegirdle said. "Darling, where've you been?"

He didn't speak for a while. He took off his coat, and stood in front of the fire, warming his hands. Then, feeling more sentimental than he had felt since the first time he met her, he held his arms wide and she came to him.

"Putting my reindeer in the stables," he said quietly.

INSPECTOR BRACEGIRDLE came out of his reverie. The letter that had accompanied the Christmas card was still in his hand. He read it through again.

December 18th.

The Old Malt House,
Farworth.

My Dear Inspector,

Will you come and have dinner with us on Christmas Eve, and bring your wife? It's going to be quite a party, and we've sent out formal invitations, but somehow that won't do for old friends like you. We shall be announcing Bryan's engagement to Lucille Rodgers. She's a very sweet girl. Incredible to think that Bryan's twenty-four this year, isn't it? It makes us feel quite old, but *terribly* happy.

Do come, won't you?

Sincerest Christmas wishes from us both.

Rhona and Ralph Hardwick.

The inspector folded the letter and put it in his pocket, reached for his coat, and went to the door. There are times, he thought, when a policeman's lot can be quite a happy one. THE END

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Among these, Stone's Ginger Wine shares the privileges of holly, the precedence of turkeys, the frolic of mistletoe. Stone's with its genial warmth, is part of Christmas. Like Christmas, it is a custom made glad by centuries.

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GINGER WINE

THE TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS DRINK

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More Fathers at Christmas get relief with Rennies than with any other indigestion tablet.

NEWCASTLE—FORTRESS FOR THE GEORDIE

Continued from page 19

it's Sunday League football, model gliders, horse-riding, and "Race Week"—the third in June—when the Town Moor really comes into its own with the big traditional fair.

Theoretically, every resident freeman of Newcastle or resident widow of a freeman is entitled to graze two cows (now cut to one) on the Town Moor. But since, in today's conditions, about four hundred cows is the Moor's limit, there are now more freemen than cows. So lots are drawn annually from a hat.

But that is by no means the end of the matter. For though the idea of a personal cow has attractions, in the current housing situation it also presents difficulties. So "stint-holders" are permitted to transfer their theoretical cows—for a fee of 35s. a year—to Newcastle dairymen who have byres in the streets round the Moor. The Town Moor grass, they say, has just the right mixture of the best weeds and produces a fine flow of milk. Other freemen transfer their stint rights to wholesale butchers.

Blackness Of Age

How many freemen are there? Nobody knows for certain—but the best estimate is about two thousand, something like half of whom are actually resident in the city. They are, in effect, a hereditary corporation, a great deal more closed than the House of Lords. For to become a freeman one must be the son of a freeman, or have been an apprentice, duly indentured to a freeman—and the latter condition has been satisfied only three times in a good many years.

There can be no doubt about it: the blackness of Newcastle upon Tyne is the blackness of age as well as smoke. (No hyphens, in the name, either. The town clerk, after research going back to the Middle Ages, has officially excommunicated them as "late nineteenth century interlopers.")

In Newcastle, all roads lead to the river. Stand for a moment on the Tyne Bridge and look down into that great murk-filled chasm.

Far below, the coaly Tyne, glinting darkly. The three bridges, side by side almost, like a demonstration of the march of engineering science—Robert Stephenson's High Level (1850) with its interlacing web of cast-iron girders, ponderous, yet powerful—a bold feat in its day. Deep below it, on the level of the quayside, the Swing Bridge (1876), catching the eye, stirring curiosity, brain child of William Armstrong, the Newcastle solicitor with an inventive bug, and hydraulics on the brain. And the Tyne Bridge, leaping effortlessly across the chasm in one single span—the trademark of an age in which Man has conquered all things save himself.

And then, the drama heightening, the dark and venerable city, rising tier on tier from the river, mingling past and present, the old tall houses and chandlers' stores on the quayside, Dobson's classical Guildhall, and the Moot Hall behind, and the black battlemented castle—the "new castle" of Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son—with its massive square keep and Great Hall, hung with the banners of the "Lords of the North," and then, higher again, the spire of St. Nicholas's, the cathedral, topped by its open-work "Scottish crown," silhouetted against the grey sky. And through the scene, investing it with a touch of magic, black locomotives, wreathed in white steam clouds, gliding by among the rooftops on their towering viaducts.

"Newcastle!" wrote William Camden on his sixteenth century "Journey Into Britain," "Newcastle, the Eye of the North, the breath that warmeth the south parts of this kingedom with fire!"

On the grandstand of the Tyne Bridge, the words still rouse their echo.

Far below, bells rang. Through the glass windows of the iron cage that was mounted over the top of the Swing Bridge, you could see a man moving about. Now he was pulling a lever. Slowly, the heavy roadway began to pivot on its axis. Below, a Thames collier, long, and high out of the water now because it was empty, waited to pass up river to its loading berth at the Dunston staithes.

But this bridge, in its time, has swung open on more dramatic sailings—big naval guns, floated down from Armstrong's great Elswick works up the river for fitting in the shipyards lower down, dreadnoughts and cruisers when the yards were still at Elswick and Britain was warship-builder to the world. Half the Japanese Navy, they say, was built upon the Tyne—not to mention the South American Republics.

So far, I had followed the river by road; now the time had come to embark upon its coaly waters.

I joined the Tyne Improvement Commissioners' vessel Seal—once a pinnace of the Iron Duke—on its daily river beat, checking up on the comings and goings of the world's shipping.

On the banks, interspersed with the regurgitations of an earlier age, lay exposed the gargantuan digestive processes of a great industrial city—towering grain silos, vast flour mills, fertilizer plants, gas works, cement stores, paint works, the great fortresses of the Co-operative Wholesale Society.

Great Shipyards

And then, as we steamed past St. Peter's, on the north side, there appeared a sudden, small chink in this massed functionalism. Tier on tier of small sheds rose up the river bank, some painted in stripes, others white, some homemade, others very professional. There were hundreds of them. They were pigeon-houses — pigeon-racing is a great sport among the Geordies.

A row of cranes, great grey arms against the sky, signalled the approach of the first of the great Tyne shipyards, the Walker Naval Yard where Armstrongs, once pioneers of big gunnery, built many of the warships and submarines with which Britannia once ruled the waves—the Nelson and the George V among them. But these are diminished days for navies. All the yard was building for the Admiralty

just then, it seemed, were two small frigates.

Above the No. 1 Berth—one thousand feet long and the biggest in the country—the blue-white stars of the welders twinkle and splutter over the high rust-red sides of the Niarchos, a 32,000-ton tanker, building for Greek owners. It is tankers, now one-third of all the world's ships, bigger and bigger and better tankers—rather than men of war or passenger "leviathans"—that these days butter the bread of the Tyne and the other shipbuilding rivers.

And where were those dense forests of staging, reverberating from end to end and top to bottom with the thunder of the riveters, which still form most people's mental picture of a shipyard? They were not there—and their disappearance is the sign of a technological revolution which has been stealing up on our old shipbuilding industry—and of which this famous Tyne yard is perhaps the leading example.

Here, under one great roof, great segments of ships are being put together, large sections of deck, bows, stems, a smoke-stack, an enormous, curving piece of a ship's side.

The Welder Is King

When the time comes, the pieces will be moved out into the yard, swung into position by the big cranes, welded and fixed. It is Henry Ford's assembly line on a quite godlike scale.

In this masterful world, the welder, the man with the shovel-like eye-shield, is now king. The old sweaty partnership of heater (the lad with the brazier), holder-on, and riveter is in course of dissolution; the laborious process of fastening together a ship by individually heating, placing, and hammering two million or so rivets (at the average rate of thirty-seven an hour) is drawing to a close. That enormous Greek tanker in No. 1 Berth, for instance, would have only a couple of rows of rivets in the whole of her. In this big yard, only twenty-three squads of riveters were at work—and apprentices to the craft were not to be had.

Launchings, sea trials, first sailings of fine ships—they are stirring events, but everyday routine here on the Tyne. The shipyards elbow each other along the banks. Next to the Walker Yard, Swan Hunters, where the Mauretania was launched . . . across the river, Palmers, who built the first iron steam collier—and the first oil-tanker, too. British shipbuilders give the world between a third and a half of all its ships—and a large part of them are built here, along the banks of this river.

The Seal was now moving past Wallsend. Behind the high drama of the shipyards, the majesty of the rising iron walls, the fine lines of the new ships at the fitting-out basins, lay the endless miles of bleak bricks-and-mortar.

Horrified The Tsar

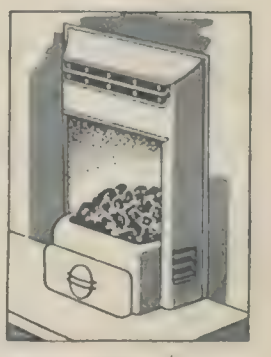
Where did Felling end and Hebburn begin? Where did Walker become Wallsend and Wallsend change to Howden and Howden turn into North Shields? It was hard to say, for always the same long bleak barrack-like streets ran down to the rusty cliff of workshops and shipyards, strung out along the dingy line of the overhead railway. Here were towns that were "home" to sailors all over the Seven Seas but which yet had no beginning and no end and hardly any centre—a swift and ignominious descent from the conscious dignity of central Newcastle.

In these towns, crowding each other along both banks of the river, Tyneside coal and Tyneside engineering met and married. Wallsend is more famed for its 170-year-old Rising Sun pit, once visited by the Tsar of Russia, than for the ending there of Hadrian's Wall—in any case obliterated by the excavation of a shipyard. The story is still told with relish of how, when John Buddle, the great Tyneside mining engineer, invited the Tsar Nicholas to descend the shaft, His Imperial Majesty drew back in horror. Only devils, he was heard to exclaim, could go down into that mouth of Hell!

In Palmers' Dry Dock at Jarrow, the Duke of York, a cross-Channel passenger ship, was being fitted with a brand-new bow. You could see the marks on

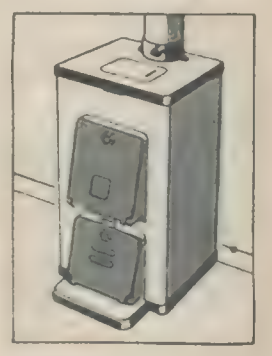
"How beautifully warm . . "

They come home from theatre or cinema to a pleasantly warmed room because of the continuous-burning stove. This is a fire that keeps in when you're out and is never out when you are in. With fire doors open it is a cheerful fire, with doors closed it burns slowly and safely, keeping in all night.



Open coke fire

Then there is Mr. Therm's open coke fire giving much more heat for your money than an ordinary coal fire and without dust and dirt. A built-in gas burner lights it easily and it is so economical that it consumes little more than 1 cwt. of coke a week.



Coke boiler

Everyone knows the coke boiler which is the cheapest method of providing hot water for all domestic purposes and for baths, basins and radiators. Alternatively, a back boiler behind the living room coke fire or stove will give you all the hot water you need.

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the bridge, they said, showing where an American cargo boat had sliced through her, in a collision.

"Ship surgery," involving all manner of insertions, graftings and adaptations, is an old speciality of the Tyne. In another yard, a Burmah Oil tanker, the Yenyanyaung, was being lengthened by thirty feet; she was being cut in half and an additional tank built into the middle.

Now the dark, part-Norman, part-Saxon tower of St. Paul's Church, Bede's church, rose in mournful detachment on the edge of the great watery inlet of Jarrow Slake, against a background of mountains of pitprops and timber.

St. Paul's had the Venerable Bede's chair—a sacred relic and object of pilgrimage for Catholics, whose Church had canonized Bede as a saint—and it had, too, in its walls, the oldest legible dedication stone—in clear, Roman characters—of any church in England.

The Murdered Town

But for people whose memories go back to the thirties, it is not the name of Bede that springs to mind when Jarrow is mentioned, but the name of Ellen Wilkinson and the march of the workless she led to Westminster, and the big black headlines telling the stark story of the Town That Was Murdered. And it wasn't only in the Jarrow shipyards that grass grew in those days. Many yards closed down. Every Tyneside town had its own "standing army" of men on the dole.

Might that black shadow fall across the Tyne again? For shipbuilding is one of those industries in which cyclical fluctuations seem virtually inevitable. Had it not been for the immense postwar expansion in tanker fleets, some yards might have been turning men away long ago.

The state of the shipyard order book must remain the main question of Tyneside. Yet—and it is good to know—human wastage on the prodigal scale of the prewar years cannot recur.

One of the reasons catches the eye of the motorist travelling through Jarrow along the river road to South Shields: the spreading green lawns and neat, clean, low, workshop buildings of the Bede Industrial Estate—one of the six government-promoted trading estates deployed along the Tyne, covering every sort of light industry from plastics to electric lamps and slab-cake, and already employing more than 46,000 people—as compared with 45,000 in shipbuilding and repairing.

This immense—and continuing—effort to diversify the economies of such vulnerable areas as the north-east constitutes one of the most substantial, though perhaps least noticed, achievements of postwar Britain. It is changing the face of large slices of Britain.

To this lightening of the north-eastern skies, the government made its own bold contribution by setting up the main body of the new Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, not in Westminster or even in London, but at Long Benton, on the outskirts of Newcastle. Today it should be listed as one of the sights of that city—a fabulous and awe-inspiring monument to the postwar Welfare State.

Walking through those endless corridors—there are sixteen interconnected blocks of long low buildings, with a perimeter of two miles—is rather like being in a dream in which the entire population of Great Britain, men, women and children, file slowly past, fifty million statistical entities, tagged with complicated entitlements, fifty million potentially weary heads to rest on the ministry's ample breast.

"We're the receptacle of all the details of family life in the country," explained E. C. Yarnold, chief executive officer, as we tramped along. "You can't see the end of this corridor, can you? It's like the Forth Bridge . . . by the time the painters have got through to one end, the other end needs painting again. . . ."

Over our heads, all down the corridor, shooting off from time to time down branch corridors, ran multiple rows of pneumatic tubes. There are fourteen miles of these tubes in the building. Through them, at thirty feet a second, hurtles an incessant flow of projectiles, each of which contains 125 "shuttle cards," punched with patterns of small holes which correspond with some obscure citizen's life and, possibly, destiny.

These "shuttle cards," sorted by machines for routing at the rate of 14,000 an hour, are "shuttling" between local offices all over the country and the appropriate clerk in the appropriate bay in the appropriate room of the one hundred central "Ledger Sections" at Long Benton.

This is the province of "R.B."—the "Records Branch"—which covers the largest acreage in the building, and is presided over by a short, bespectacled civil servant named C. P. Hollingsworth, who has watched social insurance grow to this right from the earliest days of Lloyd George's "Ninepence for Fourpence."

"Now this is a jolly little game I invented myself . . ."

In the ordinary way, Hollingsworth told me, between 20,000 and 30,000 "shuttles" come into the office each day. But during the 1951 flu epidemic a daily record of 88,000 was established. The great bulk of the cards, with the information required by the local offices duly located and supplied, are on their way back to them on the same day.

But if someone has forgotten his National Insurance number, or it becomes necessary to make sure, for instance, that two claimants are not in fact one and the same person, it takes just a little longer. For then there comes into play the formidable "General Index" with its thirty-five million slips, embracing everybody from Mr. Aab to Mr. Zyzyk, and taking in on the way 490,000 Smiths, 347,000 Joneses and 224,000 Williamses.

"I recall in 1936, for instance," said Hollingsworth, as we tramped down the endless corridors, "there were two occasions when we had three claimants, all John Smith, all born on the same day. . . ." But the index speedily revealed that they were not the same person, for the system is that after the day of birth, the month is checked on the slip, then the year; and, if coincidence continues, the town and, finally, the street.

Like A Butterfly

"People tell me they have unusual names," said Hollingsworth. "There aren't any unusual names here! Someone said Coldham, for instance. But do you know how many Coldhams we have in our files?—Two hundred and sixteen!"

"Harry Hopkinses? Come along. Let's see!"

Hollingsworth pushed open a door and we were inside a large room in which girls sat at small tables in front of shelves containing long rows of small bound volumes such as are used for library catalogues.

"Date of birth?" asked Hollingsworth, going quickly to the rows marked "HO."

He pulled out a volume, flicking the pages till the proper birth date showed. And there I was, neatly classified and identified, like a butterfly pierced with a pin in an entomologist's drawer, between the eighty-eight other Harry Hopkinses. All told, there were forty-four volumes of Hopkins (not counting Hopkin), at the rate of approximately four hundred Hopkinses per volume. Next to astronomy, I can think of nothing better than social insurance for reducing the human atom to his proper insignificance in the Universe.

But "R.B." is only one branch of this omniscient, all-pervading, rather frightening institution. There is also, for instance, the Family Allowances Branch, which keeps tabs on around eight million children (who sit on the shelves of its index, looking across to their parents occupying the opposite row of ledgers) and neatly picks its way through the tangled human skein of

Merry Christmas!

Mother's in the kitchen, cooking for Christmas. And Mother's little darlings are there, too, as manageable as quicksilver and apparently endowed with several sets of arms — all reaching for boiling pots, hot fat or sharp knives.

Every Christmas, over-excited children and harassed parents send up the already high accident rate in the home. Be safe, not sorry, this Christmas. Remember, treat minor injuries *at once*. Have a tube of Savlon antiseptic cream handy. Savlon brings instant relief to burns and scalds and prevents them going septic. It soothes as it heals and can be used safely on the most delicate skins. Cuts, grazes and other minor injuries also respond quickly to its rapid, healing action. Savlon is an ICI product — get a tube from your chemist to-day, price 2/6.

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SAV. 12

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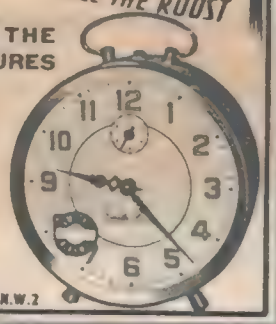

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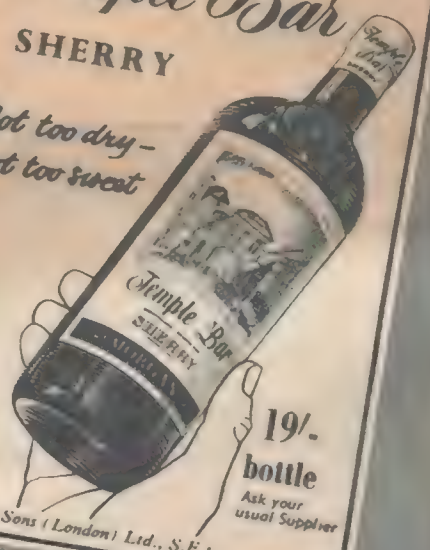

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Always keep a supply of Martell Brandy at home. These handy flasks are suitable for all purposes—and pockets.

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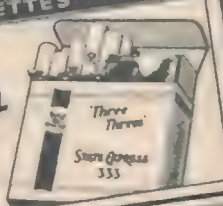

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It's a happy family with a

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H

Enough for several meals and only 9d. a tin.

Dear Santa Paws We're hoping that You've not Forgot our KIT-E-KAT! XXX

KIT-E-KAT CHOCK-FULL OF FISH AND MEAT

COOKED AND READY TO SERVE

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LAST DAY TO POST COUPONS FROM THIS PAGE & PAGE 40 MONDAY, JANUARY 10

ADDRESS ENTRIES

Fitting Phrases,
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98 Long Acre,
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PHRASES

1. For the time of your life!
2. It does you good to see such quality.
3. Just what the doctor would order.
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5. Remember the name for unforgettable value.
6. Sure to satisfy.
7. Tops in all but price.
8. We go for perfection—do you?

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"FITTING PHRASES" £50 MUST BE WON

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
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(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

separations, reconciliations, amalgamations (families pooled on a remarriage), "living with Granny," rival claims by rival parents and so on.

There are the sections handling widows' benefits, industrial disablement pensions, orphans' pensions; and then there is the large branch that holds up the social security umbrella over the nation's old people—3,750,000 pensions a week are now in payment.

And then, of course, the welfare of the welfare dispensers themselves needs attention. Fleets of trollies, threading the corridors on their prescribed routes, lubricate the wheels with 15,000 cups of tea a day. There are sixteen cafeterias, two immense canteens and a luncheon club with a yearly £240,000 turnover.

To soothe workers who have been struck by doors, stunned by statistics, or who have sliced the tops off their fingers in the process of sharpening pencils with razor blades, there are eight pairs of first-aid rooms, male and female, staffed by nurses.

Thus it comes about that the largest branch of the Civil Service Clerical Association today is not located in London, but on the outskirts of Newcastle upon Tyne. Though a few Londoners were imported at first (and are bravely making the best of it) four-fifths of the seven thousand staff—half of them women—are locally recruited.

"Bow Bells" Signal

Most of them are "new civil servants." Quite often, for instance, they turn out to be former miners or shipyard workers who never got back to their trades after the great depression of the thirties. Every branch is full of miners' and shipyard workers' daughters.

But to really see what the Ministry means to the north-east, you need to be in its corridors around 4.27 p.m., when "Bow Bells"—the "home-time" signal—is broadcast through the blocks. First go the lame and halt, with five minutes start—ten per cent of the Ministry's total staff are disabled.

Then there is a great opening of doors, and suddenly the corridors are full of streams of hurrying figures, stretching far back into the distance, swollen by tributary streams pouring in from the right and the left. Outside, on both sides of the buildings, dozens of buses are manoeuvring into position, buses bearing on their indicators names of towns and villages all over Northumberland and Durham.

Centralization of everything in London has been sucking the lifeblood of the provinces too long; it is good in Newcastle today to see that the tide had been turned at long last.

The river was widening out now. It began to have the feel and the smell of the sea about it. Like a large black crab, a car ferry moved across, diagonally, in front of us, from South Shields to North Shields. It is odd, this complete separation of the rival Shields, almost as if neither was aware of the other's existence.

Sea—Not Seaside

Strange towns, these Shields, North and South, the portals of the Tyne: promenades on one side, docks on the other, coalmines, shipyards and new trading estates erupting in between, in an endless wilderness of barrack bricks and mortar.

But it is the seaman's sea, not the seaside boarding-house sea, that prevails—even over the endless mean streets. There is the feeling of ships and the sea everywhere. Foghorns echo hollowly through the streets.

Few are the homes in either North Shields or South that have no link with the seafarer's sea: for, though perhaps a shade less romantic, as nurseries of British seamen, the keels and colliers of the Tyne have been no less fertile, down the centuries, than the fishing fleets of the West Country. In the war, Tyneside's losses were the largest in the Merchant Navy; in peace—a thought for those who conceive the sea in terms of palm courts and gala dinners—Padre Stanley Smith, of the South Shields Mission to Seamen, told me that he has to break

more bad news than anyone else in the country.

And, as sailors' towns, obscure as they may seem to many people in England, these two small places at the mouth of the Tyne are world towns, their names stirring echoes in a hundred tongues. North Shields has its Scandinavian colony; and in a South Shields street, between a small sweetshop and the Lord Clyde public house, I came upon a green-painted building covered with Arabic script. It was a mosque, a converted public house. "Oh, there's a whole Arab village down there," said a citizen, vaguely.

There was, in fact, something much more interesting: several streets of neat council houses, utterly pedestrian, completely English; yet, if you looked at the children playing on the pavements, you might notice the olive skin, the dark, flashing eyes. Besides the mosque, and its imam, there is a local branch of the Moslem League, and a special Moslem burial ground in Harton Cemetery, now, however, full up.

First Arab Settler

I found one of the leaders of the Moslem community, a Mr. Shah, a genial Pakistani who had reached Shields via the United States, superintending the building work going on in a new café he was opening up on the town square.

But, said Shah, the real "father of the Moslem community" in South Shields, the first Arab to arrive and settle there, was a certain Mohammed Muckble. He was still living in South Shields. He was now eighty years old. I would find his door between a butcher's and a greengrocer's on the road to High Shields Station.

Mohammed Muckble's daughter, who looked after the vegetable shop for him, took me upstairs to meet the old man. Mohammed Muckble's story belonged to some modern (South Shields edition) of the Arabian Nights. He came, he told me, from Aden. Around 1911, he'd signed on, as a fireman, with a ship bound for Trieste. From Trieste he'd joined another ship, which had docked in the Tyne.

He went over to the sideboard and scrabbled in a drawer and found some faded pay tickets of 1912. He pointed to the small sums written on them, and chuckled. It was all very, very far away. For in the damp and dreary streets of South Shields, so far from the blue skies of Aden, Mohammed Muckble, fireman, had, in various ways, found fortune. He became the proprietor of a thriving Moslem sailors' boarding house. And he met and married a Scots girl, from Newcastle.

The old man chuckled again, over these reminiscences. "Scot and Arab!" he rumbled. "What a mixture is that!"

Mrs. Muckble, a buxom, comfortable home body, watched him maternally. "It's not what you're called, it's what you are," she said, with all the force of Scottish common sense. "You know, he was once one of the wealthiest men in South Shields. Started dozens of his people up in their businesses. He helped them all."

But there was a strange, Arabian Nights anticlimax to the story. For during the war, when hundreds of penniless Arabs had become stranded in South Shields, Mohammed Muckble had made himself responsible for them. The Home Office had wanted to deport them; but Muckble, a respected and solid citizen, had pledged himself to maintain them. At one time, he had 250 living in his boarding-house, at his expense, and their food was costing him over £100 a week. Few had repaid. So Mohammed Muckble, in his old age, was not so rich any more.

"But we've had a good life," said Mrs. Muckble. "We've four children and thirteen grandchildren." The two sons were seamen—of course, for this was South Shields. Mrs. Muckble took down a framed certificate from the wall and showed it to me. It was an award for gallantry, made to one of her sons while serving in a tanker in the war.

Out in the estuary, beyond the town, the lonely bell sounded. And the waters of the coaly Tyne, that great maker of human history, flowed out into the sea. THE END

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 41.

BORN:
- A. Fifty-three years ago in Streatham, London, son of a public house landlord.
- B. Fifty-four years ago in Windsor, Berkshire, son of a German prince.

FIRST JOB:
- C. Designing costumes for university theatricals.
- D. Sailing.

HAS SAID:
- E. "It is a congenital weakness with me to think I can do any job."
- F. "My advice to women is simplicity by day and romance by night."

FAMOUS FOR:
- G. Taking a job his father had to quit.
- H. Being an expert in Royal garb.

GIRL OF THE MOUNTAINS

Continued from page 23

veered to the Kloetzle side of the opening below the trees. The snow was abominable. A mild thaw had set in with the wind and the going was soft, wet and treacherous. In this kind of snow even mountain stags could founder and might refuse to leave forest shelter.

As he forced his way up, he was annoyed to meet old Clemens, the sacristan at the church.

"*Grüss Gott!*" said the old man. "What are you up to?"

"Off to shoot a stag."

The encounter did not really matter: old Clemens would merely confirm what his mother knew—that he had gone out to shoot a stag for the village.

As he got higher, he cast a practised glance at Kloetzle peak. Perfect.

He began to perspire with the effort of climbing and, for the first time, an undercurrent of nervous excitement ran through him. Now he was quite certain that nothing could go wrong.

Just after four o'clock he reached his destination. He unslung the rifle, cocked it, and listened.

Already, this early, the sun had begun to sink, but there was a clear enough light from the snow. He kept an eye on the path leading out of the trees because it would be better if he could produce a stag, though this was a secondary matter; his main attention was on his watch. Johannes had left at three o'clock. Give him another two minutes.

He thought of Leni, of the small, sturdy body, of the lips as he had so often dreamed of them, half open to greet him, of the long black hair done in plaits round her head. . . . He had not seen her with her hair down since she was a child.

No stags had appeared from the right. Abruptly, he turned and fired—not towards the trees, but upwards. In a sudden panic he fired and fired again. The shots rolled round the hills, echoing from one peak to another. His close, narrowed eyes never left the overhanging mass of snow on Kloetzle.

For a second, feeling dizzy, he wondered if his eyes were deceiving him. But no: Kloetzlilahn was moving, as any "ready" avalanche is liable to move if hit by waves of sound. First there was the slow, quiet rumble he had heard so often, then the gathering roar, then the great thunder as the snow-mass hurtled downwards.

In less than a minute the hills were silent again.

Rudi smiled.

He drained the small flask of *schnapps* he had brought with him, looked to see if the noise had brought any of the deer out of the wood, swung round on his skis and was back in the village in less than fifteen minutes.

"How many?" asked his mother. "You fired a lot."

"I missed," he said. "They began to run."

"You heard Kloetzlilahn?"

"Yes. In fact I saw it, in the distance."

He went through the little trap-door down to the cellar, poured himself more brandy and cleaned his rifle, humming to himself.

Soon the villagers were lighting their lamps, though sparingly, for no oil had come through from the valley for weeks.

Rudi was annoyed to find that his hands shook a little as he trimmed the wick: this was not a matter of nerves, he told himself, but of excitement, of triumph. Under that tremendous mass of snow Johannes might live for an hour or two, not longer.

Johannes was not missed until another hour had passed and the village had gathered in the small church for Benediction. Not normally an ardent churchgoer, Rudi could not resist the temptation to be present. During the service he watched the candlelight playing on Leni's gleaming black hair. It was pleasant, too, to be able to confirm that Johannes's place was vacant.

As soon as the service was over, just before six o'clock, the villagers gathered in groups outside the church

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The enamel that boiling water made famous

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of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene

Ideal for Toilet, Bath and Nursery

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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...It's so good for paintwork, and doesn't harm the hands! John wouldn't dream of re-painting without using MANGERS first, and I find it excellent for cleaning up grease and grime.

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When you have carefully decided on the PHRASE most fitting to each ADVERTISEMENT, insert its Key Number in the appropriate space on your FREE coupon on right

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LAST DAY TO POST COUPONS FROM THIS PAGE & PAGE 38 MONDAY, JANUARY 10

ADDRESS ENTRIES

Fitting Phrases, "John Bull," 98 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

PHRASES

1. A mark of wise economy.
2. Chosen by the choosey.
3. Easy to get on with.
4. Everything seems brighter with ——.
5. For a brighter home.
6. Seven letters which spell economy.
7. What says your tongue? Buy ——!
8. You get something *extra* with ——!

USE THIS FREE COUPON

2 "FITTING PHRASES" £50 MUST BE WON 2

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
Fill in the KEY NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.								

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Address.....

(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

in a buzz of conversation. Johannes was always there for Benediction: where could he be?

Rudi heard Leni's worried voice. Two of the men went to Johannes's house and returned.

"Not there."

The old priest scurried out of the vestry. He used the word that nobody else had dared to utter. "Kloetzlilahn!" he said. "Who fired those shots? It was madness to shoot today. For six mornings now I have forbidden the ringing of my church bells." His glance swept over them.

"I fired the shots," said Rudi, speaking to the villagers in general, "but there are no houses under Kloetzle. I was after venison for the village. I saw one stag and some hinds but they scented me and began to run away. I missed."

Three people, he noticed, were looking at him intently: Leni, old Clemens, and the priest. In a tired voice, the priest took charge.

"Three of you search the village," he said. "It won't take more than a few minutes. If Johannes is not here I shall want six men at least, with shovels, to come with me immediately to the slopes under Kloetzle."

Rudi was the first to volunteer.

"But this is terrible!" he cried. "We should start the search at once. Lucky for us that we have a moon." Behind the peak a pale and steel-cold moon had already risen. The air had become colder again and when anyone spoke it was as if he were belching steam. "Not just six men!" shouted Rudi. "All of us must go and dig for him!"

"There is just one rather curious thing," old Clemens began in his high, wavering voice. "There is just one point that. . . ."

Then Leni gave a little cry. Her arm was out pointing, not towards Kloetzle but to the right of it.

Clear in the pale moonlight there was movement there, which became a man dragging an object down the slopes, both man and object black against the snow, slithering together towards the church. Nobody moved.

And then clearly it was Johannes. Johannes dragging a dead hind, Johannes grinning apologetically, his fair hair dank and clinging to his head.

"I am sorry," he panted. "I hope you were not worried. But our plans went wrong. Rudi asked me to be under Kloetzle to steer the animals through the trees. Somebody must have disturbed them because they broke the other way. Then one of the hinds foundered in the soft snow, so I had to climb to get her."

He turned to Rudi. "What did you fire at? I saw no deer go through the copse. Did you kill your stag?" In the immense silence, Rudi seemed transfixed.

"I heard Kloetzlilahn come down," continued Johannes. "Perhaps it was a bit of luck after all that the stag and his hinds broke out the other way."

"What I've been trying to say," said Clemens in his cracked voice, "is that it was I who disturbed them. No stag or hinds could have come out of the copse. I passed Rudi," he added, "on the way up."

"But my son told me," said Rudi's mother, "that he fired at them and missed."

"There were no stags there, nor hinds either," persisted old Clemens.

The priest was still staring at Rudi in a sad, bewildered way.

"No stags there nor hinds either," repeated Rudi's mother in a sing-song voice. "But my son told me. . . ."

There was a long silence while the villagers worked out the implications. In the cold moonlight and dead stillness nobody dared to raise his voice.

People looked expectantly at the hunched black figure of the priest, who had never taken his eyes off Rudi. But it was Leni who spoke.

"Johannes! You are hot and cold and exhausted! Come at once to my father's house, where we'll put some life into you! At once!"

And in full view of the villagers she slipped her arm through his and led him down to the cottage where she and her father lived. THE END

"Tired? You can't be tired—you've been slouching in that chair the whole time!"

KITIMAT TAMES A WILDERNESS

Continued from page 13

of mountains between four thousand and five thousand feet high. On one side they fall steeply into the ocean. On the other they are joined by a plateau about a hundred miles wide and honeycombed with lakes and rivers which drain eastward into tributaries of the River Fraser.

After examining forty separate sites, Alcan engineers picked on a system of small lakes, about a hundred miles long, which drained into a tributary called the Nechako. By building a dam across the Nechako, the system's sole outlet, they calculated that they could make the whole watershed drain westwards into Lake Tahtsa at the other end of the chain. A ten-mile tunnel, punched through the coastal range, would drain the water through a power house built inside a mountain at the head of an inlet called the Gardner Canal.

Wild And Remote

Fifty miles away was the Kitimat Valley, five miles wide and forty miles long, at the head of another deep-water inlet called the Douglas Channel. If the electricity could be conveyed across the rugged 5,120-foot Kildala Pass, Kitimat would make an ideal site for a smelter, a town for the workers to live in and an ocean port.

The industrialization of wild, remote, mountainous country, some of it never before penetrated by man, called forth every kind of ingenuity. In one isolated spot, pilots of six helicopters which Alcan bought specially for the project complained that a tall pine tree was endangering their landings. When the local manager said that, as it stood on a steep hillside, it would be difficult to fell, they asked if the top twenty feet could be removed. The manager recalled that Herb Skuce, then dockmaster at Kitimat, was a crack shot with a rifle. Flown over specially, Skuce loaded a gun with explosive bullets and blasted off the top twenty feet.

Throughout the scheme, engineers, surveyors and construction men endured appalling weather. In the summer, warm days brought clouds of mosquitoes which preyed on them mercilessly. The winter brought vicious cold. A young engineer called Guy Davis was once trapped with two other men in an isolated cabin during a cold spell. "For six weeks the temperature was below zero."

During one period it was so cold that they were unable to leave their cabin, even for a few moments. "We lit a fire, but the walls were freezing. At night we wrapped ourselves in two suits of woollen clothing, wound scarves round our necks and crawled into sleeping-bags. After an hour, an alarm clock woke the first man. He built up the fire, set the clock for an hour later, and placed it by the next man. This went on all night. Later, we read that local temperatures had been sixty below zero."

In the early stages, engineers, surveyors and geologists travelled 12,000 miles by boat, horse and plane.

On many occasions, ignorance of weather conditions endangered the explorers' lives. A ski-plane once landed Guy Davis and four other men on a frozen lake to conduct a five-day survey. They had food for five days only. Bad weather set in and, on the fifth day, the plane coming to pick them up was unable to land. The party went on short rations.

"On the seventh day, we left two men with the remains of the food and made our way to a trapper's cabin at the other side of the lake." There they found rice, which they boiled and ate with fish caught through holes in the ice. Not until the thirteenth day was the plane able to relieve them.

A chemical engineering graduate of McGill University, Montreal, Percy Radley has held a succession of top managerial jobs with Alcan. In April, 1951, he set up his headquarters in Vancouver. Having agreed to pay the British Columbian Government for the hydro-electric power generated, Alcan then had the job of negotiating compensation for the ninety-odd property owners—including Indians—whose land would be submerged.

During these negotiations, Radley was making arrangements with contractors, preparing detailed plans for every phase of the scheme, and pushing forward the actual construction.

On the first of his monthly seaplane trips to Kitimat, he found a camp carved out of virgin forest, with a tiny landing ground for helicopters. Later, he flew over the pine-clad valley, searching for a site for the smelter. After A. A. Whittaker, Alcan's vice-president in charge of engineering, had approved his choice, contractors started to dredge the harbour, clear the timber and prepare the smelter site.

Diverted The River

Simultaneously, work had started on the other parts of the scheme. From Vanderhoof, on the Canadian National Railway, contractors drove a sixty-mile access road through bush and swamp to the site of the Kenney Dam. They then tunnelled five hundred yards through the wall of a canyon to divert the river from the dam site and prepared the dried-out river bed. At the same time, forty-five miles of road were built to local sources of clay, rock and gravel and a three thousand foot runway was laid down for aeroplanes.

The actual building of the dam was directed like a military operation. For the clay core, fourteen huge clay-scrapers trundled between the clay pits and the dam. As they dumped it, huge rollers pressed it down. Later, forty radio-controlled trucks carried loads of rock from the quarry on a four-lane highway. By November, 1952, the top of the dam had been covered with gravel, the diversion tunnel was sealed and the storage of water began.

Named after E. T. Kenney, former Minister of Lands and Forests, Kenney Dam is 317 feet high and 1,550 feet long at the crest. It backs up a reservoir of 350 square miles which guarantees a minimum horsepower of 1,670,000. Several smaller dams were also built to stop the reservoir overflowing at low points on the rim.

"The worst problem of all was labour," says Radley. In three and a half years there were only three strikes, but because of the isolation, severe weather and rough life, few workers stayed longer than a few months. To encourage them to stay, contractors allowed them to bring their families, and of the thousand men in the camp by the dam site, more than a hundred lived with their wives in trailers or prefabricated houses. For entertainment, there was a makeshift cinema which showed the latest films.

Crashed On To Roof

Not even the most benevolent contractor, however, could argue against the experience of one cook. Catching much-needed sleep during routine blasting, he was suddenly awakened by a large rock which crashed through the roof of his bunkhouse and flattened the stove at the foot of his bed. Ignoring pleas that his services were indispensable, he packed immediately, drew his pay and caught the first plane to Vancouver.

A hundred miles from the Kenney Dam, at the head of the Gardner Inlet, other men were working on the Kemano power-house and on the western end of the ten-mile tunnel. "When we first started at Kemano," says Radley, "it was merely a question of running a barge aground and fighting our way in with an axe." Within eighteen months, Camp Five had been built. A temporary village with its own hospital, school and lighting plants, it had five thousand inhabitants living in every type of accommodation, from wooden-floored tents to comfortable prefabs.

At the same time, a 104-mile long road was driven from Burns Lake, on

WHO'S WHO?

B D E G are the clues on page 39 which help to identify the man on the left as Admiral Earl Mountbatten, First Sea Lord designate and last Viceroy of India. His father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, resigned the office of First Sea Lord in October, 1914.

A C F H identify the man on the right as Norman Hartnell, leading fashion designer, and dressmaker to the Queen.

that cough needs ZUBES

A troublesome cough needs Zubes. So does a cold. So does a sore throat. Why? Look what Zubes contain. Balsam of Tolu to soothe tickling throats. Menthol to clear catarrh. Peppermint and Aniseed to warm, ease, protect. Zubes are full of pure, well-tried remedies. They're antiseptic too! Perfectly safe for children. So keep a tin handy — in your medicine chest — by your bed.

Family size tin 1/4d.
Pocket size tin (easy to carry with you) 8½d.
Loose 5½d. per ounce.

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

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'Fibrosine' Balm marks an outstanding advance in the alleviation of the crippling pains of rheumatism.

THE SECRET OF METHYL NICOTINATE

The success of Methyl Nicotinate lies in its amazing powers of penetration. Here is a medicament which penetrates the barrier of the skin and acts deep down where you feel the pain. And as the Methyl Nicotinate penetrates, it carries with it the other warming, healing ingredients in 'Fibrosine' Balm.

VASO-DILATION ENSURES INSTANT WARMING RELIEF

'Fibrosine' Balm penetrates in a matter of seconds. Its remarkable vaso-dilatory properties cause the small capillaries (blood vessels) to be immediately widened, and warm fresh healing blood flows through the pain area. In laboratory trials of Methyl Nicotinate it was found that the temperature at the point of application rose by as much as four degrees! No wonder 'Fibrosine' brings such comforting warmth and long-lasting relief. At all chemists 3/4d. per tube.

FIBROSINE Balm

REGD.

RELIEVES RHEUMATIC PAIN IN SECONDS!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'ANADIN' TABLETS

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

the Canadian National Railway, to East Tahtsa, on Tahtsa Lake, the eastern end of the tunnel. Radley planned to tunnel from both ends.

On the upper level it was comparatively easy to drive an access tunnel from the Tahtsa intake to the line of the main bore. At Kemano, however, the end of the tunnel was 2,600 feet above Camp Five, half a mile straight up a steep and craggy mountain. "The only solution was an aerial ropeway," says Radley.

Although miners working three shifts were cutting the tunnel from both ends and breaking world records, Radley was still not satisfied. "To speed it up we cut an access tunnel into the middle and worked towards both ends from the centre. When the sections were joined we found they were out of true —by .1 inches from the vertical and .02 inches from the horizontal."

Meanwhile, the power-house—a massive cavern seven hundred feet long, eighty feet wide and with an arched roof 118 feet high—was hewn out of solid rock a quarter of a mile inside the mountain. To lead the water from the end of the tunnel to the turbines 2,600 feet below, two narrow shafts, fifteen feet in diameter, were built.

All this time, surveyors were planning a power line between Kemano and Kitimat. After rejecting five possible routes, they chose one over the Kildala Pass. By March, 1952, a road had been built seven miles from Kemano to the foot of the six-mile stretch that led steeply to the top of the pass. Mark Knight and Russ Madsen, the contractors' managers, knew that if they could get their heavy equipment to the top of the pass they could save time by building the road downwards in both directions. A French-Canadian tractor driver, Albert Charron, volunteered to drive a tractor up the snow slopes to the other side of the mountain.

Covered Mile A Day

Stopping only to eat and sleep, Charron covered a mile a day. Each evening he levelled off a site for his tent and a landing ground for the helicopter that brought him supplies. Five miles below the summit, he spent two days clearing a site for a construction camp. For five more days, he pressed forward, slipped back, made detours. Once he slid back four hundred feet before regaining control of his tractor.

But Charron conquered Kildala. By September, 1952, the road from Kemano to Kitimat was an accomplished fact. "It's an unbelievable road," says Radley. "The average gradient is one in four. In places it's one in three. In some years it is blocked by snow until July." Today, two lines of pylons march over the pass. Only one has been wired—with the strongest cable ever made. Besides having to carry a load higher than any transmitted overland before, it is strong enough to withstand an accumulation of forty pounds of ice on every foot.

At the other end of the transmission line lies Kitimat. On the low-lying land at the head of the inlet stand the six huge smelter buildings linked to the dock with a series of covered overhead conveyor belts. The smelter will not use bauxite ore but alumina, a fine white powder derived from the ore where it is mined in Jamaica.

Beyond the smelter, a paved road leads inland, crosses the Kitimat River by a million-dollar bridge and turns off to the town site six miles from the industrial area. Planned by American town-planning consultants, Kitimat already has five hundred houses, a school, a shopping centre, a hospital and a hotel.

Cheap Power Source

Bill Sparks, the reeve (or mayor), and the elected council hope soon to have a cinema, a sports arena, office buildings, churches, playgrounds, parks and all the usual amenities of a medium-sized modern town. "But it will not be a company town," says Radley. "As soon as possible, we shall hand over everything to independent business men."

Already a liquid air manufacturer, a pulp merchant and a sheet metal firm are interested in setting up in Kitimat. Other industries may move in, too—because there is an unrivalled source of cheap power.

For a few men, the hardships involved in industrializing a wilderness have yet to be faced. For several winters yet, a party of three will be spending five months camping at the summit of Kildala. Last winter's party recorded a snowfall of fifty-two feet, a freak wind change from thirty to seventy-five miles an hour in forty-five seconds and a three-day period when temperatures never rose above minus thirty and the gale never dropped below seventy-five miles an hour.

"They had an electric stove and electric lights," says Radley, "and one of them took along his electric razor. At that time we hadn't started transmitting power and they had the line to themselves. Fancy running your electric razor off the biggest electric cable in the world." THE END

"JOHN BULL" FREE INSURANCE

Registered readers are notified that JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift will continue in force, with the same benefits and conditions as apply at present, until December 31, 1955, unless previously terminated or amended by publication of notice in JOHN BULL. Registered readers automatically qualify for the benefits of the scheme. They need not re-register. But if any change of address or newsagent has taken place, full details must be sent to JOHN BULL Insurance Department, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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MEET Mr. J. L. Steel—thirty-four, a sales clerk and a keen "Bulleteer." One recent morning the postman knocked and brought him a £500 cheque for these words: OUR SAVINGS—"DEPOSIT" ON NEW—*Britain*! Encouraged by this £1,000 array of New Year prizes, enjoy an hour of your Christmas leisure with *Bullets*. Post entry by Monday, Jan. 3 and the postman may soon be knocking with a "£500 plus" First Prize for *you*!

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000 MUST BE WON!

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UP TO £100 EXTRA CASH in BONUSES —see details on coupon

THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Shape Of The Future
To Beat The Smog
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The Queen Mother
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Man, The Clown
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Out Of The Common
His Love
Fighting Parson
A Little Extra
Riches And Romance
The Bobbysoxers
Doesn't Exist
A Bit Of A Tramp
Alfie's Essay
Victim Of The Flu
Getting Somewhere
Mr. Drip, The Plumber

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

That.....Of Hers
If We're.....
Couldn't.....Less
Dreadful.....
With A Heavy.....
Off With The Old.....And

POST ENTRY by MON. JAN. 3

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EX ..... |6d.
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EX. |6d.
B
EX. |6d.
B.

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With ALL cheques won by entrants of 4, 5, 6 or 7 *Bullets*, posted together or not, additional £2 10s. CASH. For such winners who entered 8 or more *Bullets*, NEW YEAR CASH BONUS increased to £5

1,968
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(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey and pudding.)

Winners of £2 10s. plus Turkey and Pudding, 90 Fowls and 100 Cakes have been notified. 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated January 22 and in JOHN BULL dated January 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 15, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,968 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,968, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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The reason may be IRON-VITAMIN deficiency

When your blood starts to lose **IRON** your system begins to run down. Your arms, legs and back feel weak. You feel tired and depressed, with no energy or desire to do anything. You cannot build up new blood overnight, as your system has probably been getting run down for months, and needs to be nourished steadily back to its former condition. To get back your full health and vigour you **MUST** build up your blood with iron. The way to do this is to start taking Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW.

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Simple Anaemia - Listlessness - Nervousness - General Debility - Poor Appetite - Frequent Headaches - Constant Fatigue - Irritability - Sleeplessness - Inability to Concentrate - Susceptibility to Infection and Slow Powers of Recovery.

BIRLEY'S CHRISTMAS BOX FOR ALL INDIGESTION SUFFERERS

THIS 1'9 TIN OR THIS 1'9 PKT.

FREE

OFFER OF

BIRLEY'S ANTACID

Christmas should be a time of feasting—not *fasting*, because of the fear of indigestion. Make sure, then, that you accept this special gift offer of BIRLEY'S ANTACID *now!*

Just fill in and post voucher below (valid until January 5) enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover postage, packing and P. Tax. You will receive, by return FREE, the full size 1/9 pack of BIRLEY'S ANTACID (*Powder or Tablets*)—whichever you prefer. It's because we're confident that BIRLEY'S ANTACID is all we claim for it, that we make this special offer.

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Safe, swift and certain. Neutralises excess acid. Soothes the entire digestive system. Banishes distress and discomfort as nothing else will. All Chemists, 1/9, 4/-, 6/-.

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The handy, hygienic pocket pack—24 tablets in Sealtite strips. The same tested and proved remedy as Birley's Antacid Powder. Always effective! All Chemists 1/9.

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For Office use only
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This Voucher must be posted not later than Jan. 5, 1955

Signed Mr., Mrs., Miss .....
Address.....
(Block letters please)

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